

Nation's Business

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN

AUGUST 1953

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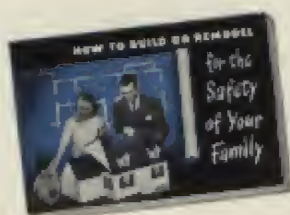
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- Each month you will receive as a member, a free copy of our report, "The Executive." In it you'll find a full description of the forthcoming month's selection (chosen from new books of the leading Publishers) and a summary of many other current books on practical subjects. Thus, you have nearly a month to tell us whether or not you wish the selection.
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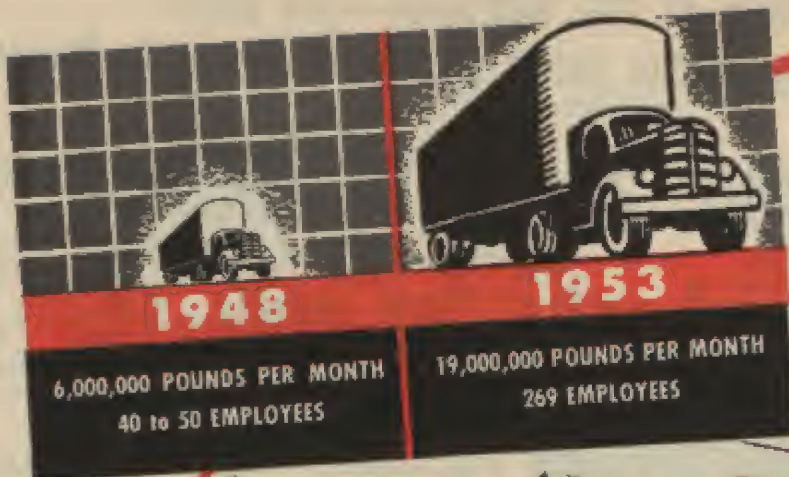
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ALAMO EXPRESS

INCORPORATED
General Office
31 ESSEX STREET
SAN ANTONIO 10, TEXAS
P. O. BOX 7026

February 11, 1953

George S. May Company
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

We are taking the privilege at this time to write you with reference to Engineering Service which you people did for our Company in August, 1948. This service was of great benefit to Alamo Express, Inc. as at the time your men were employed, our business was operating at a loss. Things looked very blue at the time and we were skeptical many times of having to close our business on account of no profits.

After the manuals were written and we began following the forms as set up by your Engineers we immediately could see the progress we were making and discovered many losses due to wastes unseen until they were brought out by comparative losses and other set-ups as set up by the manual. We wish to say, in 1948 when your men came to our company we were handling about 6 million pounds a month in tonnage and employed about 40 to 50 people whereas today we are handling between 18 and 19 million pounds per month and employing 269 people. We definitely give credit to your firm for getting us established and progressing to the extent of where we are today.

Wishing to express our sincere thanks for the efficient and beneficial work done by your company, we are

Yours very truly,
ALAMO EXPRESS, INC.

Mrs. J. L. Walker
Mrs. J. L. Walker
Treasurer

Mrs. JLM/mw



"You've got to Spend Money to Make Money"

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NATION'S BUSINESS • AUGUST 1953



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NATION'S BUSINESS - AUGUST 1953

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

THIS month's cover, representing the graphic arts, is particularly timely because with this issue NATION'S BUSINESS changes to a new type face, designed for easier reading. Ralph Patterson, our art director, explains some of the reasons for the change—and for the typographical variations generally—on page 34.

As typical of printing operations, Artist **WEIMER PURSELL** has painted a man (upper left) setting type by hand; a man sitting at a Linotype machine and a man locking up a page form for the press.

Below is a color proof press. Upper right is a portion of a web press such as is used in magazine printing.

Reproduction of a color picture such as this cover begins as a complicated and technical engraving process. Although Artist Purcell used many colors in his painting, only four, red, yellow, blue and black, are used in the reproduction. Other shades are the result of a pattern of dots in the engraving plates. Look at the cover through a magnifying glass and the dots are visible.

Gray, for example, results from making the dots on the black plate smaller, black from making them larger, green from mingling blue and yellow dots.

FELIX MORLEY'S "State of the Nation" contribution was mailed to us from England where he disembarked after crossing the Atlantic on a nine-day ship—a passage he deliberately chose to test the views he expresses on page 17.

Mr. Morley probably needed such a period of adjustment as little as anyone. He has already seen Europe as a student, wartime ambulance driver and newspaper correspondent.

But anyone would welcome a period of deck-chair relaxation as preparation for the European schedule that Mr. Morley has set for himself. As a student, and author of books on United States foreign policy, he plans to study this country's role in postwar Europe. He will, in fact, devote his next three editorials in this magazine to that subject.

In addition, at the request of the State Department, he will tour Germany, lecturing and holding informal discussions with groups in various walks of life. His tour, sponsored by the International Informa-

Nation's Business



New York Life Insurance Company
announces a

NEW MAJOR MEDICAL EXPENSE POLICY

Goes far beyond the ordinary hospital expense plan! Provides funds for costly accidents and sicknesses requiring hospitalization which can wipe out savings, leave families in debt for years!

Most hospital plans provide coverage for ordinary sicknesses and accidents. But suppose some really serious, long-lasting sickness occurred which involved months and months of hospital and medical care—ran up bills well into the thousands?

Could you afford it? Or would you have to "cut corners" on costs—cut down on the care you really wanted to provide the stricken member of your family?

Here is the answer to high and prolonged medical expenses—a new, low-cost policy that provides protection against the ruinous cost of *major* accidents and sicknesses!

New York Life's new Major Medical Expense Policy, unlike the typical hospital expense plan, has *no specially limited "allowances"* toward hospital room, surgery or other specified types of expense.

You can choose your own doctors and specialists . . . select whatever hospital facilities you wish . . . order the kind of medical care you need—with the assurance that *seventy-five percent of the eligible expenses over \$500 will be paid by New York Life until \$7,500 has been received!* This applies not only to you, but to each covered member of your family and to each separate accident and sickness requiring hospitalization.

This is *not* a policy to provide funds for minor injuries and ailments covered by ordinary hospital plans. It is designed to carry the major burden of cost when a *major* injury or sickness requires hospital confinement. Your New York Life agent will be glad to give you all the facts—or simply mail the coupon at right *today!*

This advertisement is intended to give only a broad outline of the policy, not an exact description of its terms, conditions and benefits. An exact statement of the coverage is clearly stated in the policy.

New low-cost policy pays up to

\$7,500

for each injury or sickness of a covered member of your
family . . . protects against ruinous hospital and medical bills!

The cost of a serious injury or sickness can far exceed ordinary hospital plan allowances. This new policy is designed to carry the major burden of cost long after the benefits provided by the ordinary hospital expense plans leave off!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS. Let's suppose that a covered member of your family is taken seriously ill and has to go to the hospital. For that hospitalization New York Life would pay a flat seventy-five percent of all eligible medical expenses after the first \$500 has been deducted, until you have received \$7,500! It's something like "deductible" automobile collision insurance. By deducting the initial \$500—often covered by other types of hospital plans—the premium rate can be kept far lower and in reach of far more individuals and families.

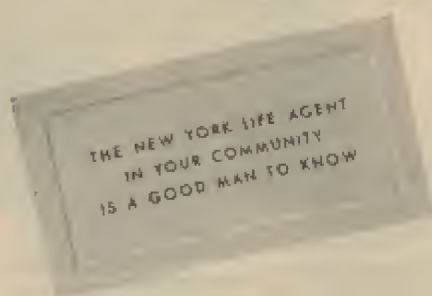
FOR EXAMPLE: A husband and wife in their thirties, with two children under eighteen, can be covered for only \$102 a year—and have up to \$7,500 protection for *each* sickness and accident for *each* member of the family! Think what that means to a man who suddenly finds himself trying to pay hospital bills, doctor bills, charges of trained nurses, special drugs and costly equipment all at once, in addition to living costs! With this new policy he knows that after the first \$500, New York Life will pay three-fourths of the remaining eligible hospital and medical bills until he has received \$7,500—and will make the payments directly to him!

OUTSTANDING FEATURES! This is not the usual hospital expense plan. It covers illnesses and injuries which require costly medical care—medical care that may run

up bills in the thousands of dollars. It covers newborn infants automatically from the hour of birth to the next policy renewal date, after which coverage may be continued as provided in the policy. The long list of eligible medical expenses includes, up to customary charges, hospital expenses, fees for trained nurses, doctors and specialists; cost of drugs, X-rays and appliances; cost of transportation of the injured or sick covered member to the hospital by rail or airline. If the covered member is at least one year old when hospitalization begins, the eligible medical expenses include not only those incurred while in the hospital but also those incurred during the two months before and the six months after confinement, for the particular injury or sickness requiring the hospitalization. And the Company will not refuse renewal of the policy solely because of a change in the physical condition of a covered member. Normally no medical examination is required. Issued up to age 60.

Naturally, the broad coverage has some exceptions—such as injuries or sicknesses which are covered by any Workmen's Compensation or similar law; those incurred before the coverage goes into effect; those occurring as a result of war or while in military service of any country at war; self-inflicted injuries; and nervous and mental disorders. These and other exceptions are clearly stated in the policy. However, the far-reaching benefits of this new policy make it the finest protection of its kind that a man can give his family and himself today. See your New York Life agent for all the facts right away—or mail the coupon below *today!*

For complete information **MAIL COUPON TODAY!**



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INSURANCE COMPANY

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New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. NB-1
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on your new Major Medical Expense Policy

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Sold only up to age 60

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Of the many recent developments in heating equipment, one of the newest and most versatile is this Norge Heat "Lay Down—Stand Up" furnace. A fully automatic oil fired unit, utilizing the counterflow heat exchange principle, it can be fired *either* vertically or horizontally. And with unusual compactness, plus front flue outlet, space requirements are reduced to a minimum. All of which permits far greater flexibility of installation—in tight corners, in attics, in crawl spaces, and even suspended from ceilings.

This new heating unit is a product of Borg-Warner's Norge Heat Division. And like every unit in Norge Heat's complete line of gas, oil and coal fired heating equipment, it embodies the advanced design and skilled engineering that go into every B-W product.

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tion Administration, is part of a two-way program under which the Government brings scholars, statesmen and other German leaders to this country to discuss their nation's problems with people here and sends leaders from this country to explain our views abroad. Mr. Morley's subject, broadly, will be "Life in America," with special emphasis on the American Constitution.

In picking Mr. Morley, the State Department chose a man remarkably well qualified for the assignment. A former Rhodes Scholar—he started this European trip by attending a reunion of Rhodes Scholars at Oxford—he was also Hutchinson Research Fellow at the London School of Economics and Science and he held a Guggenheim fellowship in political science.

With this educational background he turned to newspaper work, serving as correspondent in the Far East, in Geneva, Switzerland, and as a reporter, editorial writer and editor for newspapers in various places in this country.

Turning from journalism to other fields, he served on the staff of Brookings Institution, lectured on "current political problems" at St. John's College, Annapolis, and returned to Haverford College, one of his alma maters, as president.

ALBERT MOREHEAD has no hobbies that he can think of. He's too busy. Besides being bridge editor of the *New York Times*, he writes a daily syndicated column on games, appears five times a week on television, writes books, songs, magazine



ALFRED GESCHIEDT—BLACK STAR

articles, and edits books, dictionaries, encyclopedias.

He was born 44 years ago at Flintstone, Ga., on the side of Lookout Mountain. At 12, big for his age, he joined the staff of the Lexington, Ky., *Herald* as a reporter. He is still big for his age, rising to a height of more than six and a third feet.

His career in journalism was con-



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Certified Report CR846 tells how Aetna Life Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn., effects big savings and gets more accurate work in its busy Life Index Department with 60 Convé-Filers handling its more than 10,000,000 record cards. The units are arranged in U-shaped batteries of 3 for one operator to handle up to 600,000 records. (Aetna's now using an additional 20 units in other departments.) For your free copy, call Remington Rand or write to Room 2986, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Remington Rand

PROFIT-BUILDING IDEAS FOR BUSINESS

Braves blazing car trying to rescue six!



Heroic deed climaxes 27 years of safe driving!

S. F. "Pat" Burkholder of Sparks, Nevada, driver for Garrett Freightlines, Inc. has made heroism a habit. He recently won the trucking industry's coveted "Driver of the Year" award—after a recent attempt to save six victims of a head-on collision,

trapped in a burning automobile. Pat suffered severe burns. Pat's safe driving is a habit, too. His 27 years of truck driving without an accident are the equivalent of 150 years of driving by the average motorist.



National accident records prove...

Truck drivers are safe drivers!

Truck and bus drivers are safe drivers on the highways and streets. This is proved by the accident ratio (number of accidents per 100,000 vehicle miles) reported yearly in "Accident Facts," a publication of the National Safety Council. This ratio has decreased rapidly since the war—from 2.10 in 1946-47 to 1.32 in 1950-51 (latest figures) for for-hire intercity trucks. And many fleets of inter-

city for-hire trucks have accident ratios under 1.0.

Safety is no accident! These professional drivers must pass the most rigorous safety training and physical examinations as well as a thoroughgoing course in highway courtesy. All of this pays off for you, with whom the trucks share not only the duty of transporting, but the privilege of using, America's highway network.

If you've got it, a truck brought it



American Trucking Industry
American Trucking Associations, Washington 6, D.C.

tinued in Chattanooga, Chicago, Cleveland, and with a weekly newspaper in Pennsylvania. For the past 19 years he has been on the New York Times.

He has written more than 60 books, mostly on games, one on selling. (His article on "The Store of Tomorrow" appears on page 28.)

He has edited three dictionaries, a 12-volume encyclopedia for children, as well as being games editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Between times, Mr. Morehead writes magazine articles.

In television, he serves five mornings a week as one of the experts on a panel quiz show called "I'll Buy That."

He lives in a ten-room house on top of a 14-story building on West 57th Street in New York. Despite this address, the house has a fine lawn with a fountain and trees, placed there by the builder. Our picture shows him on his lawn.

GUS REHBERGER enjoys turbulent situations. He would rather paint a storm, he says, than a blonde in dishabille. Thus he was delighted with the assignment to illustrate **EDWARD LINN'S** story, "The First Defeat."

Mr. Rehberger was born in Austria and came to this country when he was 13. He studied at the Art Institute of Chicago.

An athlete himself, he often uses athletic situations in his illustrations. He excelled in track and field events and was also an accomplished acrobat, tumbler and stunt man. At 42, he still is a tough table tennis opponent.

In addition to muscular men and women, Mr. Rehberger also is distin-



guished as a painter of horses. His equine paintings, drawings and lithographs have been exhibited internationally.

The Rehberger studio is in Carnegie Hall in New York, and he often sneaks into the hall to hear a concert. He loves music, especially Beethoven.

► PRODUCTION'S RISING faster than sales.

That's what over-all figures show—and that's what brings buyers' market at same time sales go up.

Federal Reserve industrial production index figure for '52 was 219. Second quarter this year: 242-plus.

That's 10 per cent upswing.

Total business sales last year averaged \$45,568,000,000 per month.

Compares with sales rate so far this year of \$48,800,000,000.

That's rise of about 7 per cent.

► BUYERS' MARKET brings need for sales leadership.

Top management worries on two counts:

1. There's been 17 per cent greater turnover among sales executives postwar than prewar.

2. Potential management men pour into engineering, production, distribution fields.

Net effect: More products for sale, fewer salesmen to sell them.

Sidelight: One large firm studied cases of salesmen who left, discovered 50 per cent had excellent records, promising future.

Why did they leave?

Lack of supervision, failure of management to sell them on future in sales work.

► GOVERNMENT PAYROLL—over-all—grows.

Despite drastic cuts in federal-level personnel, state and local governments have pushed employe total to new high.

Total number of government workers in June '53 (federal, state and local): 6,637,000; 1952 monthly average was 6,633,000.

Trend: '48, 5,614,000; '49, 5,837,000; '50, 5,992,000; '51, 6,378,000.

► CANADA WANTS its visitors to stay longer, spend more money.

Why? U. S. visitors to Canada (despite record-breaking numbers) spent \$36,000,000 less last year than Canadian travelers to U. S.—for first time in history.

In other parts of the world Canadian tourists spent \$24,000,000 more than visitors from those countries spent in Canada.

Result: A \$60,000,000 travel deficit.

Over-all figures: Canadians spent \$336,000,000 outside Canada, took in \$276,000,000 from visitors.

Canadian Government travel bureau says auto entries this year run 8.8 per cent ahead of '52, but spending curve's still down.

Bureau plans to key promotion to advantages of extended vacation and "See Canada First" for its own citizens.

Note: Pleasure travel spending isn't sole factor. Lower U. S. prices on electrical, mechanical appliances—because of production for larger market—plus absence of Canadian sales tax, lure thousands of Canadian purchasers across border.

Examples: Customs officials report Canadians doubled purchases of furniture, household appliances—\$3,800,000 in '50, \$7,700,000 in '52. They're still going up.

Clothing purchases doubled, too—from \$14,400,000 in '50 to \$28,200,000; radio set sales soared from \$1,300,000 to \$2,100,000.

Auto accessories, tires, etc., tripled from a scant \$400,000 to \$1,300,000.

Total Canadian expenditures (includes food, shelter, entertainment, etc., while in U. S.) of \$294,000,000 were 20 per cent above a year earlier.

Population problem: Most Canadians live within 100 miles of the international boundary, while U. S. population is spread out—makes it easier for most Canadians to visit U. S. than vice versa.

Note: Canadians now spend more money traveling in U. S. in two summer months than they used to spend in 12 months in most prewar years.

► TREASURY THINKS seriously of proposing U. S. sales tax.

Study's going on—but officials won't yet disclose details.

Behind their thinking is need for more cash.

Administration sees minimum of \$6,000,000,000 annual revenue in federal sales tax.

Canada gets 17 per cent of total revenue from national sales tax—over \$725,000,000 last year. It's expected to hit \$740,000,000 this year.

Sales tax is 33 years old in Canada,

is accepted by both major political parties.

► MODERNIZATION steals spotlight from expansion.

This means that industry's tooling up present physical plant for new products, new processes.

Examples: Last year, expansion programs took 49 per cent of capital outlay dollar; this year, 43 per cent, and, in '54-'56 period, only 38 per cent has been ear-marked for expansion.

Thus, modernization of existing plant will account for 62 per cent of expenditures in next three years.

Note: This year's capital improvement outlay hovers over \$28,000,000,000 mark, is expected to climb over \$30,000,000,000 by end of '56.

► WHAT PROPORTION of U. S. population is at work?

Check with past figures shows remarkably constant ratio of workers to total population in past eight years.

In other words: More workers are busy manufacturing, distributing, processing, selling, servicing, farming—for more people than ever before.

And don't forget: Total population includes those too young or too old to work, as well as members of the armed forces.

Example: In 1945, with 12,000,000 in armed forces, total population of 139,900,000, there were 54,400,000 employed—or 39.6 per cent.

In 1950, with 1,320,000 in armed forces, total population of 150,900,000, there were 59,700,000 employed—still 39.6 per cent.

Ratio has dropped slightly to date this year—3,400,000 in armed forces, population 157,800,000, total employment of 61,700,000—39.1 per cent.

What's future picture?

At present population growth rate—and if ratio's maintained—more than 68,000,000 will be at work by 1963. That's some 7,000,000 more than now.

► PERSONAL INCOME'S rising a lot faster than debt.

This year consumer credit (monthly average) runs about \$6,000,000,000 ahead of like '52 period.

But disposable income (that's what you have left after paying taxes) rose

\$10,200,000,000 in same period.

Breakdown:

1952: Average consumer credit (six months), \$20,000,000,000; disposable income, \$231,000,000,000.

1953: Average consumer credit (same period), \$26,000,000,000; disposable income, \$241,200,000,000.

Don't forget: This is short-term debt, doesn't count more than \$90,000,000,000 in long-term credit—mostly urban and farm mortgages.

Bankers say long-term debt's in good shape—low delinquency, normal repossession rate.

In short, people say "charge it" oftener, but they pay their bills.

Note: Fiscal experts have long noted that consumers pay off out of earnings, even though they may pledge assets to secure indebtedness.

Means that as long as income stays up you needn't be scared by debt figures.

► FEDERAL DEBT limit will not be raised this year.

Debt now: \$266,123,134,399.

Legal ceiling: \$275,000,000,000.

But remember—public debt's been higher than that: More than \$278,000,000,000 in February, 1946 (period of biggest war debt).

While '53 deficit was about \$9,389,000,000, over-all debt didn't rise that much (it went up about \$7,000,000,000).

And Treasury has almost \$5,000,000,000 in general fund which can be used if debt gets too close to ceiling.

Note: Per capita debt (because of population increase) has dropped \$323 since end of war, is only \$16 more than at end of fiscal '52.

Figures: Per capita debt, 1946, \$1,989; 1952, \$1,650; 1953, \$1,666.

► NEW TREASURY policy on depreciation permits greater spending for new plant, equipment.

Revenue officials say move is to cut controversies.

Memo to field men asks ease-up on strict interpretation of Treasury's depreciation rate schedule.

They're to find out merely if rates used by taxpayers are reasonable, whether consistent practice is followed in arriving at deductions, whether proposed adjustments are "substantial."

Significance to businessmen: Depreci-

washington letter

ation allowances finance more than half of capital spending now—and they're mounting rapidly.

Example: If printing firm can cut useful life estimate of press from 20 to 10 years, depreciation allowance could finance, say, new folder, other equipment, thus speed output, expand orders, create jobs.

Recent survey showed 85 per cent of manufacturing firms spend all their depreciation allowances for plant and equipment.

New policy allows reduction in useful-life estimates, frees capital for faster expansion, modernization.

► **LOOK TO** classifieds for key to market place activity.

That's where average newspaper reader looks for business opportunities, real estate, job markets, buying, selling, trading.

Fatter classified sections mean added stimulus to local-level commerce, cumulatively reflect activity on national level.

In first few months of this year, survey of newspapers in 52 cities shows 8.75 per cent boost in classified totals.

Lines placed in first four months: 216,182,021.

Last year, same period: 198,699,233.

Increase in '53: 17,482,788 lines.

Help wanted, real estate, auto sales took major role in filling classified columns.

► **WHO'LL FOOT** bill for nation's new highways?

That question's expected to be among first faced by President's new Intergovernmental Relations Commission.

Proponents of more U. S. aid point out Uncle Sam collects about \$2,000,000,000 in excise taxes on gasoline, oil, tires, etc., turns back only about \$500,000,000 aid to states.

Opponents decry "linkage" of tax collections to federal aid, say funds should come from general treasury, not just from motorists, truckers, who pay the tax.

Others want repeal of excise taxes by U. S.; they would have states collect revenues, use them for their own highways.

Note: "Diversion" of gas, oil imposts

is headache on state level, too, with many municipalities claiming they're "short-changed" on road aid appropriations from state capitals.

► **LOOK AT THE RECORD**—and you'll find current interest rate level is low.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York took a look, and came up with this comment:

"As a matter of historical fact, it (interest rate level) is very moderate for a time of active business and expanding credit.

"Only in comparison with the abnormally low rates of the depression years and the artificial rates of the war and postwar periods is the present level high.

"The 2% per cent rate on commercial paper, for example, seems high by contrast with the low of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in 1941, but not when it is compared with the 6 per cent reached in 1929 or the 7% per cent attained in 1920. Before 1929 a rate below 4 per cent was a rarity.

"In the light of such comparisons, assertions that today's rates are injurious to business and agriculture fall rather flat."

► **BRIEFS:** Cattleman encourage wider use of leather products in effort to curb income decline. . . . Multiple pricing is seen as possible aid in farm surplus problem. National Grange says system would provide U. S. price for domestic use, world price (or prices) for exports. . . . Ten per cent more Americans are traveling to Europe this year than in '52. Country making biggest single gain is Greece, with hotel reservations running 200 per cent ahead of last year. . . . Standard mobile laboratory is new wrinkle. It's touring U. S. now, can be used for X-rays, clinical work, civil defense, stream pollution, analysis, or mining and petroleum research. . . . So far, food supply's staying ahead of population growth, UN reports. Food production's up two per cent, while population's only increased by 1.4 per cent annually. . . . During past four and a half years, 68 major currencies have been officially devaluated. . . . Signs of the Times (on country store front): Prices are born here, raised elsewhere!

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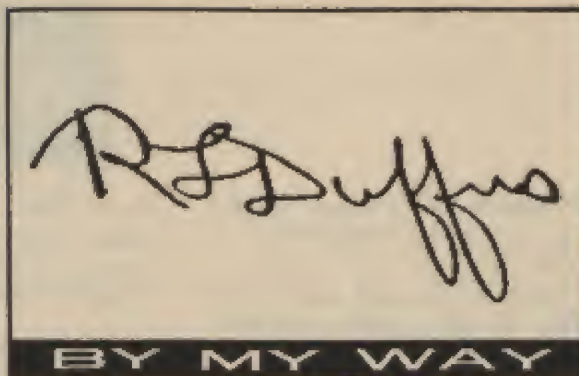
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A barge goes through

SPEED isn't everything, even in this day and age, when the chief end of man appears to be to get from where he is to where he isn't—and back again in time for supper. There are also such things as respect for tradition and the observance of laws touching on and appertaining to the uses of navigable streams. My wife and I found ourselves in one of those long lines of stationary traffic. A man in the next lane went to sleep and had to be tooted awake when at last the lines began to move.

A drawbridge, lifting and closing ahead of us, told the story; a sand barge, ugly as sin, old as the rust on a post-office pen, had passed through and was proceeding majestically along with the tide with its precious burden. But justice had been done, the amenities had been observed, the wisdom of the Founding Fathers vindicated, and the crew of the sand barge, judging from a thin column of smoke rising from the deckhouse, seemed about to have supper.

I imagine about half of the male drivers in our now slowly moving parade of cars would have been glad to go aboard and join them—that barge did look so peaceful!

Mysteries of Nature

NATURE has her own mysterious ways, and, as I sometimes think, a sense of humor. Why, as my wife often asks, does the nicest clump of lawn grass come up in the middle of the drive and persist there year after year? We don't want lawn grass in the middle of our drive, we want it in the lawn. Why does a moth always choose to nibble one's favorite dud? It could eat something else, we think; it could get just as much nourishment out of something one was about to throw away. But you ask a moth a question like that and you don't get any answer. Or my wife asks me and I haven't any answer.

To tell the truth, she doesn't ex-

pect me to have an answer; after many years of married life she knows the depths of my ignorance. But why does it rain on holidays? Why does it rain in the daytime, instead of at night when people wouldn't mind so much? Why is it often too dry in Arizona and too wet in Connecticut? You tell me!

Books one learns from

I'VE just been reading a book that will do me a world of good, it is so wise and full of information. I shall learn from it. But I shan't learn as much from this or any similar book as I have from books that were in-



tended merely to amuse me. Such, for instance, as "Huckleberry Finn," "Kim," "Lorna Doone" and "Sailing Alone around the World."

Sad world

THIS is an imperfect world. Everybody I know, the way they tell it, is either too fat or too thin. Including me.

Warning: wet paint

TODAY has been a wetter day than I would have advised if I had been consulted about it. Yet it brought us a small bit of good luck; it brought us two painters who could work on the inside of our house, whereas in this weather they couldn't work on the outside of some other person's house. Consequently our living room, which has been a turpentine-smelling wilderness of desolation for the past few days, is at last completely done over, and as soon as the results are dry we can start living again. I was sorry for the man who wanted the outside of his house painted, but I

wasn't quite sorry enough to shed any tears—it was damp enough already.

The old moon is best

ANOTHER thing I am not in favor of is artificial moons, which are much talked of these days, and not merely by writers of scientific fiction or composers of so-called comic strips. These things are quite possible. Dr. I. M. Leavitt, director of a Philadelphia planetarium, recently described one which could be built and launched, he thought, for about \$7,000,000. I don't question Dr. Leavitt's good intentions. If somebody is to have an artificial moon it had better be us rather than some people I know of. But who could be romantic about an artificial moon, even if, as Dr. Leavitt's would be, it was named Mini? Who, after one or two drinks (I don't approve of drinking too much, but it does happen), would know which moon was which and be able to act accordingly? Do these inventors and innovators realize that if they set up one or more artificial moons all poetry about moons would have to be revised? No, I don't believe in having a new moon. Life is confusing enough already. Call me a conservative—even a reactionary—but I stick to my principles.

Mr. Pringle's pirates

I SEE by a book by Patrick Pringle, entitled "Jolly Roger," that pirates in the good old days didn't make captives walk the plank (it paid better to hold them for ransom); didn't bury their treasure (it was more fun to divide it as soon as it was available and go on a binge at the nearest handy port); and weren't any rougher than was necessary in their



business. Mr. Pringle has done much research and is probably right. But I am going to continue regarding pirates as the terrors of the Spanish Main (they weren't) and Captain Kidd (he wasn't even a pirate, technically speaking) as the worst of the lot. Come what may, let the truth fall where it will, I am going to keep my illusions.

The Arcade & Attica

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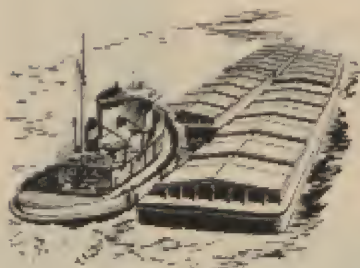


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miles of track, a locomotive, 21 employees and 375 owners. It is one of 308 "short lines" now operating in the United States, so says the United Press. It is not out to make money but, in the words of its secretary-treasurer, Richard I. Cartwright, to "keep farmers and manufacturers along the way in business." It carries, among other commodities, maple sugar—which I suppose Wyoming County has a special treaty with Vermont to produce within reasonable limits. If the big railroads of generations gone by were to be described as octopuses—or octopi, if anybody wishes to put up an argument—I suppose the most such a railroad can claim to be is a sort of squid. But I think they are cute. I think they are American and democratic. They warm my heart. May the A. & A. live forever!

Out of the past

THE painter who beautified our house but almost ruined our lives and dispositions, gentle and considerate though he was, had a stepladder. It was battered and paint-stained but somehow had a kind of distinction about it; it was sturdy and did what it was supposed to do and you could see that when a man walked up the steps it wasn't going to collapse under him. The painter



said to look at the braces, and we did. The braces, he said, had come from an old buggy some 25 years or more ago—maybe 50 years ago.

Does anybody remember the adjustable top of an old-fashioned buggy? It could be put down when the weather was good and put up when the weather was rainy or the sun too hot, or maybe when the young man and his best girl didn't want to be under constant observation. Anyhow, such a top had to have braces. Half a century or more ago some craftsman had made them so well and conscientiously that they were still good. I took off my hat to the old craftsman—and to the modern one, too, for the painter was a good painter and knew how to mix and apply colors.

In search of quietness

I LIVE a good part of the year in a commuting town to which office workers from the city began to come

quite a while ago in search of peace and quiet. Now so many of us have come that the railway station at train hours is a bit like Times Square or Dupont Circle, and the way we drive around on our winding local roads isn't quiet or soothing at all. To be sure, the birds, bees and flowers don't seem to mind, and overhead at night we often have stars and maybe a moon, unobscured by tall buildings and bright lights. But some day, maybe, we'll move back into the city—it's so tranquil there. Maybe we'll keep a cow.

August holidays

I WAS leafing through "The American Book of Days" to see if there were any holidays to look forward to during August. I do love holidays. I found that two Presidents were born during that month—Benjamin Harrison and Herbert Hoover. The Battle of Bennington, which led to the American victory over the British at Saratoga, was fought on Aug. 16 and is a legal holiday in Vermont. We Vermonters take a special pride in that encounter, for we hadn't even been admitted to the Union at that time, and weren't even sure we wanted to be. We got in because there was a fight going on and in those days we liked fights. But I think what I might celebrate in August would be the ninety-fifth anniversary of the first street letter boxes, which were installed in Boston. I shouldn't wonder if the increase in letter writing which followed this and other innovations didn't change our lives even more than the Battle of Bennington.

A pretty good month

WHAT August actually suggests to me, more than anything else, is complete and uninhibited laziness. For a country boy, a long time ago, it meant being almost too lazy to swim; this does not seem believable but it is reasonably true. It meant lying on



one's back in the grass in the shade and speculating about things that didn't matter or that one couldn't do much about, such as, were there people on other planets, and if you picked up a toad would it really give you warts, and whether you could make yourself immune to poison ivy by eating a poison ivy sandwich, the



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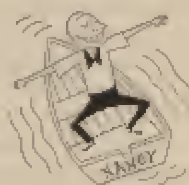
SINCE 1859

THE QUALITY LEADER IN COMPRESSORS, PUMPS AND ROCK DRILLS

way the hired man at Deacon Brown's said you could. Things like that. And what we were going to do when we grew up. The sun shone and the bees and other insects hummed and there wasn't any school. August was a good month in those times, and even now things could be worse.

People, in summer

WE DON'T hear of people rocking boats as much as they used to. I wish I could believe that this is because people have grown wiser but I believe it is because fewer of them, in proportion to population, go out in boats. Every summer people are warned not to dive in shallow water, but they do; not to go beyond their depth if they can't swim, but they do;



not to try to get brown all over in one afternoon, but they do; not to drive too fast or on the wrong side of the road or while drunk, particularly on week ends and holidays, but they do, some of them.

In the long run people who don't take care of themselves may be eliminated by the processes of evolution. However, even here there is a joker, for often the wrong things people do are also harmful to others who have done nothing but right things. I hope that people will improve as time goes by, but I am not sure they are going to. But I like people, with all their faults. This would be a lonesome world without them.

The contented brakeman

THE brakeman on my commuting train said he wouldn't care to be a conductor. A couple of dollars more a day, he said, wouldn't compensate him for the worry and responsibility. He was also sure he didn't want to be a rear brakeman, and have to hop out with a flag when the train stopped unexpectedly on a cold winter day. A red flag, at that. I suppose I ought to have reproved him for not being more ambitious. On the other hand he was plainly a good brakeman, cheerful and helpful when old ladies got on or off with baggage, ready to answer even impertinent questions, such as the one I asked. And if every brakeman were brokenhearted because he wasn't a conductor what a sad thing railroad-ing would be!

OF NATION'S BUSINESS Trends



BY FELIX MORLEY

THE STATE OF THE NATION

IF time permits, the best way to travel to another continent is by sea. And, up to a point, the slower the ship the better.

The argument against the airplane is not one of expense, nor of comfort, nor of safety. On all these counts flying competes effectively with the old-fashioned surface crossing.

But the consideration of speed, regarded at first glance as the major asset of air travel, is from the viewpoint of mental adjustment its greatest disadvantage. Some processes require time for fulfillment. In those cases the speed-up may defeat its purpose.

During the war American colleges went in strongly for what was called "acceleration." Under the pressure of the draft summer terms became obligatory. Courses were abbreviated and credits necessary for graduation cut. The traditional four-year stay was reduced by as much as half, so that boys could be pushed rapidly into advanced professional training.

It is noteworthy that none of the better post-graduate schools, whether of medicine, engineering, law or commerce, was satisfied with this acceleration. Almost without exception they reported poor results. The boys who had been rushed through college were too immature. They could pass conventional examinations but were unable to think out novel problems for themselves. Though their knowledge might be adequate, their wisdom was not. Professional standards simply were not safe in these inexperienced hands.

So now the four-year college course has been all but universally restored. It seems the necessary span for ripening adolescents to maturity—a process in which the apparent waste of time is not actually time wasted.

This matter of transportation to another continent is a parallel case. While no setting is more conducive to indolence than an ocean voyage, the time that passengers fritter away is by no means necessarily unfruitful. Aside from physical benefit, idleness may subtly develop a mental receptivity to the unfamiliar environment that lies ahead. If so, this leisurely interlude is psychologically important. For one cannot be sensitive to new impressions if the mind is cluttered with old preoccupations.

• • •

Because of the increased speed of communication and transportation, the globe is said to have shrunk to a fraction of its former size. It is argued that this will lead to better international understanding and so far as communications are concerned this hope is reasonable. The televised coronation of Queen Elizabeth, for instance, gave many Americans their first realization of what the tradition of monarchy has meant for Britain's social and political stability.

But the case for the rapid transmission of visual impressions, of informed comment and of factual data, is much stronger than that for the rocketlike delivery of individuals from nation to nation. When men travel to the moon, as we are told to

scape and the lunar life, if any, will necessarily be explained to stay-at-homes in purely terrestrial terms. And there will probably be mistakes comparable to that which Columbus made when he called the Caribbean aborigines "Indians," thinking that he had sailed westward to India.

Mistakes of a different character are easy for the American who today speeds to Asia, or Europe, or even South America, by air. Lacking the time to adjust himself, he finds the new environment at first doubly strange and evaluates it entirely by American measurements. A foreign language is only part of the difficulty, as shown by the sense of alienation that affects many Americans on their first visit to England. Not only words, but also all sorts of conventions and practices are different from those at home. The contrasts may intrigue the traveler, or they may irritate him. But in either case these often inconsequential differences are an impediment to full and sympathetic international understanding. To be a good neighbor one must feel at home when visiting.

The slow progress of a ship, itself a little community in which people of various backgrounds are temporarily fused, can offset these difficulties. The long hours give opportunity for adjustment to other viewpoints, at meals, in games, by reading or even in casual conversations. Such sociability, if it helps to acclimate the traveler, is never a waste of time. It is a preparation for new experiences when he confronts the customs, both official and unofficial, on a foreign shore.

Our ancestors all traveled to the American continent by sea. Unless they came in relatively recent years the voyage was in every case long, tedious, uncomfortable and even dangerous. These leisurely crossings, however, must have encouraged the social versatility and adaptability which are distinctive American characteristics. With only the Rhine between them, Frenchman and German tend to suspect each other. But heading across the broad Atlantic toward a common future the two could begin to realize their essential kinship. So every immigrant ship, from the *Mayflower* on, has been a part of the melting pot.

For this fusion, as well as for developing individual receptivity to novel conditions, the leisurely approach was vital. None would want to endure the hardships of a colonial crossing today. It is much more pleasant to do it by overnight flight, far above the surface storms, perhaps without even seeing the waste of water below. The *Mayflower* passenger, however, gained something important from his wind-tossed weeks in transit. By that ex-

perience he was largely Americanized before he ever landed on Plymouth Rock.

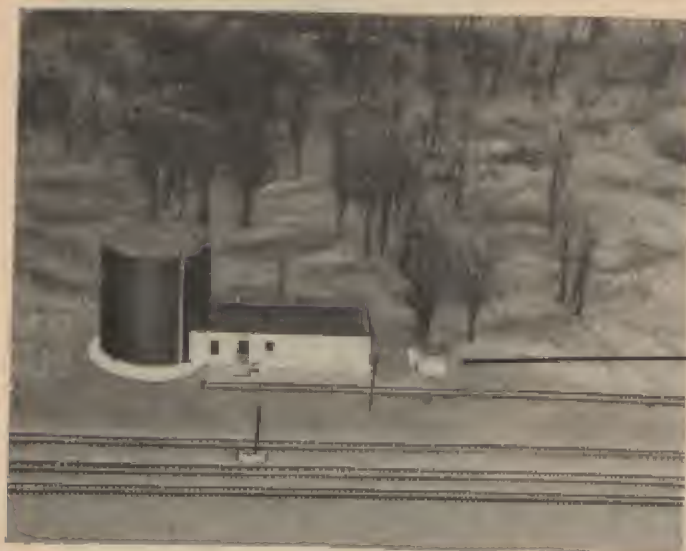
The time available on even the slowest steamers is now insufficient for the traveler to modify his whole outlook during the crossing. That is to the good, for it is neither desirable nor necessary to lose one's Americanism in order to avoid the pitfalls that beset an innocent abroad. The successful traveler will carefully safeguard the best in his own national tradition while developing greater awareness of what he may profitably learn from others. There is excellent advice in a little Defense Department manual prepared for our soldiers in Germany, which tells them: "Don't try to force democracy on the Germans, but take pains to explain things about America to them if they seem interested."

Whether we travel or stay at home that painstaking and tactful outlook is now increasingly important for Americans. In spite of our national virtues, and in spite of the lavish generosity shown to those in need, we are today widely suspected and disliked, even in those countries to which we are tied by military alliance.

So far as this unpopularity is due to envy of American prosperity there is little that can be done to assuage it, other than to refrain from boasting or taking personal credit for an achievement to which the average individual has contributed little. There is, however, a more reasonable foreign criticism of Americans as being too often noisy, ill-mannered, provincially self-satisfied and crudely indifferent to the feelings, the susceptibilities and even the spiritual values of other people. So far as anti-Americanism is fostered by those ugly characteristics the cure is manifestly our problem, not less so because of the great success of Communism in magnifying and caricaturing our faults in every country where Americans now congregate.

We shall meet the very adroit propaganda of Moscow more successfully if we stop bragging about our marvelous technical progress and reflect a little on its obvious shadow side. We can say, of course, that we are closer to Europeans, or to Latin Americans, Asiatics and Africans, because it is possible now to fly anywhere almost overnight. But one does not really get closer to people merely by dropping among them as arrogant strangers from the skies. Friendship requires common interests rather than a common standing ground. Without mutual understanding, propinquity arouses resentment rather than respect.

As mathematicians know, between the measurements of space and time there is a mysterious affinity. We can all see that when space is shortened, time is automatically saved and presumably that is for some purpose. Perhaps it is to give mankind the opportunity to reflect upon those problems in human relations which are so evidently expanding as the world contracts.



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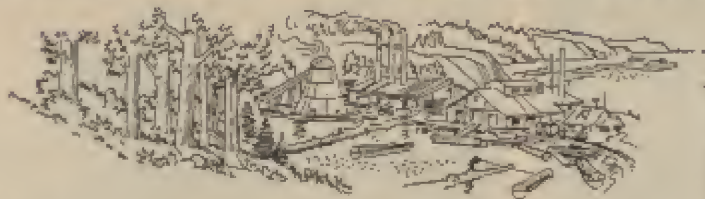
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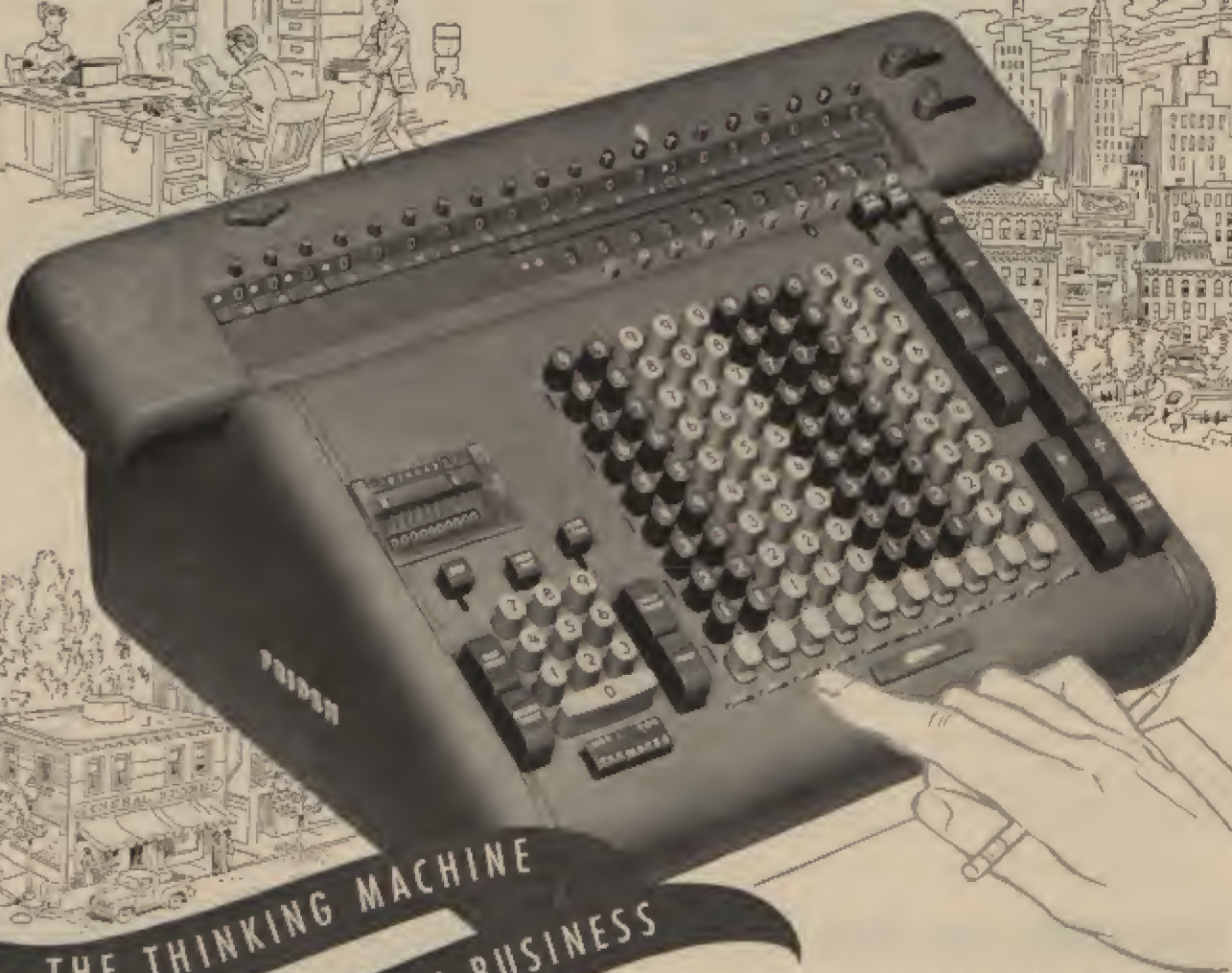
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WASHINGTON MOOD

BY EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

SOMETHING new in American politics may confront the voters when they are called upon next year to elect all of the members of the House and one third of the members of the Senate.

It is entirely possible that not only the Republicans but a good many Democrats will be running on a platform of "I Like Ike."

This may seem weird and paradoxical, and it certainly is when looked at from the standpoint of traditional party battling. However, some of the Democrats are convinced as of today that it would be smart strategy. They could abandon it, of course, if President Eisenhower began slipping in the affection of the voters; but right now they see no sign of that.

The nearest approach to this situation is to be found in the early years of Franklin D. Roosevelt's long sway. There were notable exceptions, but many Republicans felt in those days that it was in the interest of their own political health to lay off FDR. Their technique, for a time, was to criticize "the men around Roosevelt," men like Ickes, Wallace, and the "brain trusters," and to hammer away at New Deal policies but not at the political idol in the White House who was responsible for those policies.

Now, 20 years later, the Democrats are using the same technique, but in an even more forthright way. From their ranks comes criticism of the Administration's hard-money policy, of its cut in the Air Force appropriation, of what is called its "give-away" philosophy, and of its failure to match promise with performance. The villains in the Washington drama, as it is being written by Democratic orators, are Secretaries Wilson, Benson, McKay and others in the Eisenhower Cabinet and also the "Old Guard" on Capitol Hill—but never the soldier-statesman in the White House, who calls himself the captain of the team.

Leonard Hall, chairman of the Republican Na-

tional Committee and a man Ike credits with a lot of "political savvy," already has sounded a warning against those Democrats who would embrace the G.O.P.'s hero in 1954.

"I do not think," Mr. Hall has said, "that anyone is going to be fooled by the present crooning of Democratic members of the Senate and House that they are supporting Ike. The truth is that many of them, particularly of the left-wing persuasion, shake his hand when they face him, but knife him as soon as his back is turned."

It should be pointed out, however, that it is not left wingers but primarily conservative or middle-of-the-road Democrats who are doing most of the "crooning." Take, for example, the argument of Sen. Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Democratic floor leader of the Senate, who could hardly be described as wild-eyed. He made a speech recently at a Democratic rally in Jackson, Miss., praised Ike, and said it was up to the Democrats to save him from the Old Guard Republicans. After reciting instances where the Democrats had given the President more support than members of his own party, Senator Johnson said:

"The American people elected President Eisenhower to preserve the strength, the prosperity, and the freedom of America. That platform will be realized only if they give him a Democratic Congress in 1954. . . . We shall not permit the Republican Old Guard to use the President's prestige as a shield behind which they will tear down the liberty and prosperity our people have built. Nor do we believe that the President wants his prestige used for such a purpose. . . ."

This type of political argument raises a question. If the Democrats should, let us say, capture the House on a back-Ike platform in 1954, how could they consistently oppose Ike if he ran for reelection in 1956?

The question itself supposes that politicians are logical and consistent, which is quite a supposition indeed. The Democrats now are thinking of 1954; they figure that the strategy for '56 can wait.

Offhand one would expect to see something next year that hasn't been witnessed in 20 years; that is, the Democrats on the attack and the Republicans on the defensive. A good many of the Republicans, however, are not ready for the transition; they

think that the "Truman mess" is still good campaign material and they are prepared to wallop it again.

Opinion as to the wisdom of such campaigning is divided.

Sen. Ralph Flanders, a Vermont Republican, recently warned his G.O.P. colleagues that they were devoting too much time to "making a record against the Truman Administration."

"Are we really going to hitch our buggy to that old nag and expect to get anywhere by flogging it?" Senator Flanders asked. "Great Godfrey! That horse is dead, and the sooner we find it out the better. . . . In the words of Emerson, let us hitch our wagon to a star. . . . Let us get going."

The fact of the matter is—and Republican strategists frankly acknowledge it—the Eisenhower Administration hasn't been able to get going with the speed that was hoped for. The legislative output of the Eighty-third Congress up to now has been embarrassingly thin.



Republican Chairman Hall, in talking at party rallies around the country, has offered an explanation for the situation in Washington.

"The job which President Eisenhower has undertaken is so colossal that it is frightening," he says. "None of us realized what we had inherited from the Democrats until we were on the inside and could survey the mess.

"It is twice as bad as anyone ever dreamed it could be."

Chairman Hall, having thus spoken, usually calls on the party workers to "Man the dikes for Ike in '54."

"The American people," he says, "don't want to tie one hand behind Ike's back by saddling him with a Democrat Congress next year."

It is interesting to note that Chairman Hall and his opposite number, Stephen A. Mitchell, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, both have their eyes on the same body of voters—the Democrats and independents who deserted the party of Jefferson and Jackson in 1952 and thus made possible the Republican victory.

Mr. Hall is careful not to attack the Democratic Party as such.

"The backbone of our opposition is not the Democrat Party," he says, "but the left-wing which has captured the Democrat Party."

Chairman Mitchell, a good-looking man of considerable charm, who was put in his post by Adlai Stevenson, talks frankly about the need for greater unity in his party.

In pointing up the Democrats' well-known habit of fighting among themselves, he recalls Will Rogers' crack: "I don't belong to any organized political party—I'm a Democrat."

"And sometimes, as I travel from state to state,"

says Mr. Mitchell, "I think that Will was right."

But he is quick to add that Democrats have been closing ranks in recent months and that many backsliders have been coming home.

"Those people who left us," he says, "are beginning to realize that they did not know or had simply forgotten what Republicans in power could be like. Things haven't turned out quite the way they expected."

Then Mr. Mitchell lets fly with an attack on the Administration. He doesn't go after Ike himself but at the Big Business coloration of his Cabinet, the "giving away" of Hell's Canyon Dam, the plight of the farmers, and the higher interest rates that are making it more difficult to get credit.

Mr. Mitchell says that the hard money policy of the Republicans "has people scared." Other Democratic political scouts have reported back to headquarters here that there is much talk in the land about a depression or a recession.

It is a fact that these words are heard more now than they were a few years ago.

Back in June, when President Eisenhower flew to Minneapolis to address the National Junior Chamber of Commerce, he met with 50 Republican leaders of Minnesota and invited them to fire questions at him.

"What will you do in case we have a big recession?" he was asked.

Ike told how his economists are watching for any disturbing signs, and he told also how Dr. Arthur F. Burns and others in the Government have been directed to draw up a program to deal with any slump in the economy.

"We believe," the President said, "that, if we attack in timely fashion, we can prevent any movement from becoming a disaster—and also combat even a slight recession."



Getting back to the 1954 elections, the Democrats say privately that they have no great hopes of capturing the Senate. They do think, however, that they have an excellent chance to take the House by defeating some of the 25 or 30 Republicans who won in '52 only because they had Ike's coattails to ride on.

The Republicans believe that if two conditions prevail in '54, they will gain in both Senate and House.

Those conditions are, first, tranquillity in Korea and elsewhere in the world; second, good times at home, with lower taxes and stable prices.

The Democrats here, talking off the record, agree that their own chances will be less than bright if those conditions exist.

As patriots they can only hope that there will be peace and prosperity. As Democrats, they are under an obligation to keep the two-party system alive and vigorous, and it looks as if they are prepared to do it with gusto.

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WASHINGTON'S POWERS:

Can the states take them back?

Letting Uncle Sam do it has become a habit with local government in the past 40 years. Now the groundwork is being laid to reverse the trend

By **ALAN L. OTTEN** and **CHARLES B. SEIB**

EARLY next year 25 men will hand the President and Congress a report which could reverse a major American trend of the past 40 years—the siphoning off by the federal Government of the powers and duties of states and cities.

The men are members of the Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, set up in June by Congress at the request of Pres. Dwight D. Eisenhower. They have a twofold job: to decide what operations now carried on by Washington rightly belong to the states and cities; and to decide what taxes Uncle Sam must give up to permit the states and cities to finance the operations returned to them.

The assignment sounds easy. But it's tangled in a skein of conflicting pressures and interests that would perplex Solomon himself.

The Treasury Department is eager to get rid of spending programs—but reluctant to surrender tax sources.

The states are clamoring to take over some federal tax fields, but are vague about what spending programs they are willing to assume. Cities worry about how they'll fare at the hands of rural-dominated legislatures if state powers are increased. Liberal groups warn that realignment must not be at the expense of social welfare programs.

These conflicts notwithstanding, a few facts will spotlight the need for the commission study. In 1913, the federal Government spent about \$700,000,000 a year, just one third as much as state and local governments. In fiscal 1953, federal outgo totaled about \$74,600,000,000, almost two and one half times the cost of state and local governments.

As late as 1940, the federal Government took less than half of the national tax dollar. It now takes more than three fourths.

Today, in nearly all states, the number of federal employees exceeds

the number of state employees and frequently approaches the number of local employees, even though the latter group includes teachers, policemen and firemen.

In 1913, the states and cities received \$3,000,000 in aid from the federal Government. In fiscal 1953, federal aid was estimated at \$2,945,000,000 and covered more than 40 programs, ranging from old age assistance and highway building to school lunches and fish and wildlife restoration.

Some of this growth in federal power was inevitable, of course. Wars, depression, the complexity of modern life have been major factors in bringing it about. And nobody claims it's all bad. The commission's chore will be to decide how much is bad and what should be done about it.

The big push for the study commission came early this year, when President Eisenhower called con-

WASHINGTON'S POWERS *continued*

gressional leaders, governors and mayors to the White House to see what could be done about cutting back federal powers. The group agreed that the President should ask Congress for the commission and that it should report by next March 1, in time to get corrective action under way in 1954.

In making that request, the President told Congress:

"The present division of activities between federal and state governments, including their local subdivisions, is the product of piecemeal and often haphazard growth. This growth in recent decades has proceeded at a speed defying order and efficiency. One program after another has been launched to meet emergencies and expanding public needs. Time has rarely been taken for thoughtful attention to the effects of these actions on the basic structure of our federal-state system of government.

"In many cases, especially within the past 20 years, the federal Government has entered fields which, under our Constitution, are the primary responsibilities of state and local governments. This has tended to blur the responsibilities of local government. It has led to duplication and waste.

"It is time to relieve the people of the need to pay taxes on taxes."

To a large extent, the federal invasion has been accomplished by the "grant-in-aid," a financial device that will occupy a good part of the study commission's attention. The grant-in-aid is a payment out of the U. S. Treasury to a state or city to help support locally administered activities.

Usually, the local government must match the federal money and strict standards and checkups keep the program under the tight control of Washington.

What's wrong with this "trickle down" system of government financing?

Some people think it's fine. They argue that it stimulates state and city activity, that it raises local standards of health, education and other services, that it equalizes benefits among rich and poor states, that it prevents centralization under a system by which Washington would not only put up the money but administer the program.

But there is a growing chorus of criticism.

The Council of State Govern-

ments, voice of the 48 governors, offers these objections:

1. The present system gives the federal Government a back door into fields of activity denied it by the Constitution.

2. It encourages competition among states and regions for extra-large slices of the federal handouts.

3. It places an unfair burden on richer states whose citizens are taxed to support services in poorer states.

4. It leads to extravagant spending by both federal and state governments. Special interest groups pressure Congress to increase the handouts, and the states and cities strain their budgets to put up the matching funds.

5. It distorts state budgets, with some states spending more than they should on programs that bring in federal money and slighting more essential programs where federal aid is not available.

6. It leads to centralization by establishing federal direction and control of local activities and by creating an unwieldy and expensive bureaucracy.

7. It will lead eventually to a federal monopoly of taxing power.

Says New Jersey Governor Alfred Driscoll, head of a Governors Conference subcommittee on federal-state relations:

"With money goes power. With power goes control. And with the ever-increasing control of the state over the locality and the national Government over the state, the increasing trend toward centralization is grave danger alike to local self-government and our federal system."

House Majority Leader Charles A. Halleck (R., Ind.) declares that "no one knows the entire extent to which this process of centralization of power has distorted the balance of our constitutional system. We have reason to suspect strongly that the damage has been considerable. . . . It is an ominous fact that we have been becoming less and less a government operating from the people upward and more and more a government operating from the top downward."

Estimates of the administrative savings that might result from handing federal programs over to states and cities vary widely—but they're all big. State and municipal officials at the White House meeting figured

that they could carry on many of the present federal programs at a 25 per cent savings, with no cut in service. Rep. Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., (R., N. Y.), speaking from much research in this field, says \$5,000,000,000 a year would be saved from the proper reallocation of spending programs.

Oveta Culp Hobby, whose Department of Health, Education and Welfare handles almost two thirds of all federal grants, puts it in this capsule form: "A tax dollar that goes to Washington never comes back intact. It is always minus the cost of the round-trip ticket."

Many students of the problem are troubled by distortions in state budgets resulting from federal aid. A. D. Marshall, manager of employee benefits for General Electric Company and chairman of the Social Legislation Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, gave a congressional committee this example of obvious distortion: Uncle Sam makes grants to the states to aid old folks, dependent children, the blind and disabled but not for general relief. In 1951, New York State, which is relatively capable of financing its own welfare needs, spent only twice as much for the four federally aided programs as for general relief. Mississippi, on the other hand, in order to match and obtain federal funds, spent 41 times as much on the four programs as it did for general relief.

Some critics of the grant system take issue with the argument that it "equalizes" among richer and poorer states. They say that, while it's true that in some cases hefty federal payments go to poorer states, often the small-budget states can't raise enough revenue to match the federal offer. Richer states, they argue, can easily put up large matching funds and thus take the lion's share of available federal money.

Still another objection is that the present grant program isn't flexible enough. There are ten separate aid programs in the health field, for example—but money can't be shifted from one to the other. A state frequently finds itself able to get more federal money than it needs for control of venereal disease, but unable to get all it wants to fight tuberculosis.

In addition to studying the grant system, the commission has another, equally knotty problem to handle before it closes shop, one that is especially vital to governors and mayors.

It's based on the fact that federal, state and local governments in order to finance ever expanding spending, have had to tap more and more of the same sources of revenue—with Washington taking the bulk.

"All governments are fishing for more tax dollars in the same pond," says Governor Driscoll. "The national Government is fishing with a seine, the states with a hook and line, and the localities, in many instances, are forced to fish with a bent pin."

The states and cities claim that they just aren't able now to raise the money they need for education, child welfare, highways, hospitals. Though their income has increased steadily since World War II, their spending has gone up even faster, and every year since 1948 they've gone \$1,900,000,000 to \$3,300,000,000 in the red.

Testifying before the House Ways and Means Committee last year, Governor Driscoll outlined these additional ill effects from overlapping and duplicating taxes: They concentrate tax charges on a narrow range of economic activity, distorting the whole pattern of investment and employment; they increase the cost of tax collection, and they irritate the taxpayer, who not only must pay the same tax two or three times but must also fill out two or three forms with the same information.

"The levying of taxes upon identical products by both state and federal Government results in a wasteful duplication of administrative expense," the Governors' Conference said in a resolution last year. "The conference believes that more efficient service could be rendered at lower cost, if certain of the taxes the federal Government now levies were abandoned to the states in lieu of federal grants-in-aid."

The Council of State Governments picks 1913 as the crucial year in the federal encroachment on state and local activities and revenue sources. In that year, the sixteenth amendment gave the national Government the right to levy the income tax. Flushed with this new income, Congress began considering two federal aid programs which were to set the modern grant pattern—agriculture extension work and highway building.

But the commission's problems began in pre-Constitution days. In 1785, operating under the Articles of

(Continued on page 72)

AT A FEDERAL-STATE RELATIONS CONFERENCE, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States developed an eight-point program to attack the problem of intergovernmental relations from the grass roots, emphasizing that the success of the national effort depends largely on the willingness of the states and cities to take on "their proper governmental responsibilities." These were the points:

1. Statewide citizens committees on intergovernmental relations should be set up. They should represent all organizations interested in the subject, particularly state and local chambers of commerce.
2. The citizens committees should begin their job by pressing for official state commissions to study the problem.
3. The citizens committees should do research work to help out the official state commissions. It is suggested that the citizens groups find out what grant programs their states share in, how much additional taxes would be needed if these grants were stopped, what tax sources are available to raise the money, and whether the federal Government is presently taxing these sources and should give them up.
4. The citizens committees should coordinate their findings and recommendations with the work of the national Chamber "to the end that business will present a strong, united front."
5. The citizens committees should conduct statewide educational campaigns on federal-state relations, paralleling similar efforts by the national Chamber "to create effective public support for the business point of view on decentralization of government."
6. The citizens committees should present their findings to the state commissions and the national commission.
7. The citizens committees should draw up their own legislative programs and press for enactment of those programs.
8. The citizens committees should remain in existence and actively on the job until all necessary legislation is passed.

LET'S LOOK AT

The store of tomorrow

By ALBERT MOREHEAD

*We won't recognize the departments,
nobody will try to "sell" us goods;
but we will buy quickly and leave—
which was the idea behind it all*

GRANDMOTHER never saw television. During much of her life there was no radio; in her days as a young housewife there were no movies. An occasional church bazaar—a circus parade in the spring—a band concert in the park on hot summer evenings—an occasional road show in the "opery house" for a one-night stand—that was all the entertainment afforded by the moderate-sized city where she lived.

Yet grandmother wasn't bored. Grandmother went shopping.

Her parasol prettily poised, her voluminous skirts daintily lifted to her boot tops to avoid the dust of the unpaved streets, she would traipse from store to store. Mr. McGinnis, the grocer, would chat for ten minutes before her grocery requirements were even mentioned. Mr. Anton in his dry-goods store would bring forth a dozen or more bolts and 45 minutes of advice before grandmother finally selected four yards from "that one there." There were separate stores for needles and pins, for pork and beef, for coffee and tea. Shopping was a pleasure, every purchase an adventure.

No modern housewife wants to shop the way grandmother did. She couldn't, anyway. She can't walk to the stores; they're too far away. She can't stop to chat with Mr. Anton; she has other and more entertaining things to do. Nor can Mr. Anton chat with her. She's lucky if he finds time to wait on her at all.

But the housewife doesn't like the way she shops today, either. Shopping has changed from a pleasure to a chore. The object is to get it done fast.

America's retail merchants know this. They also know they are falling down on the job. The cost of selling, along with prices, is up; the percentage of profit is down. They wouldn't be if overcrowded stores didn't hamper the customer's ability to buy. Seldom can a woman finish her shopping as early as she wanted to; seldom does she return home with everything she wanted to buy. With men shoppers the situation is even sadder.

Two winters ago I picked up an editor friend for lunch. I found him in his office, jacket off, working in an old gray sweater that was ragged at the edges and out at the sleeves.

He called attention to it himself, and chuckled. "I'll have to buy another—some year," he joked.

But our walk to a seafood restaurant took us past

Macy's, and an impulse struck him. "I'll buy a sweater now," he decided. "Got a minute to spare?" I said, "Sure," and in we went.

We were lucky. Deep-piled on a counter not ten feet from the door we entered, Macy's was featuring just the kind of sweater he wanted. But the customers were piled just as deep, waiting while a single clerk served them one by one.

After ten minutes, the editor gave up.

"This is silly," he said. "We'll miss lunch." So we left the store and went on to eat our fish.

One day last winter I called for my friend again. Same office; same sweater, edges more ragged, sleeves a little farther out; same joke about it; same walk to the same restaurant. But no suggestion that we stop in at Macy's.

This incident made no great impression on me at the time. Now it does.

We Americans feel superior to nations where people have to queue up in long lines because there isn't enough merchandise to go around. But here we have a man who needs a new sweater, wants it, is able and willing to buy it. There are sweaters in abundance for him. But he does without, because he can't spare the time to buy one.

Then what are we bragging about?

We have already seen the revolution in merchandising since grandmother's day. It was brought about by the growth and concentration of populations—the automobile, in which shoppers can carry home many purchases from a single expedition—advertising, which sells certain goods in advance and makes inspection at the store unnecessary.

But we are now at the tail end of that revolution. We have outgrown it. A new revolution in merchandising is on its way.

Let's look at the many methods being tried today, and see if we can assemble a composite picture of the store of the future. To do that, we must briefly go back for a meeting with some pioneers of the past.

First, Frank Woolworth. But not, as you probably think, because he invented the "five-and-dime." He didn't. There were plenty of five-cent stores, and even one-and-two-cent stores, when Frank Woolworth started out in 1879. Nor did he originate the "chain store"; George Hartford of the A & P did that.

What Mr. Woolworth gave us was the principle of 100 per cent display: Whatever you have to sell, put it out where people can see it, touch it, if necessary pick it up and carry it to the salesclerk.

The store of the future will emphasize display. It is recognized as the first key to sales. But the transaction still isn't complete until the customer has paid for and received the merchandise. If he lacks the time and patience to wait—and at busy periods it can be a long wait—he walks out. My friend, the editor, was a walk-out. Some stores estimate that at peak periods, when they have ten customers to every salesclerk, 30 per cent of their customers

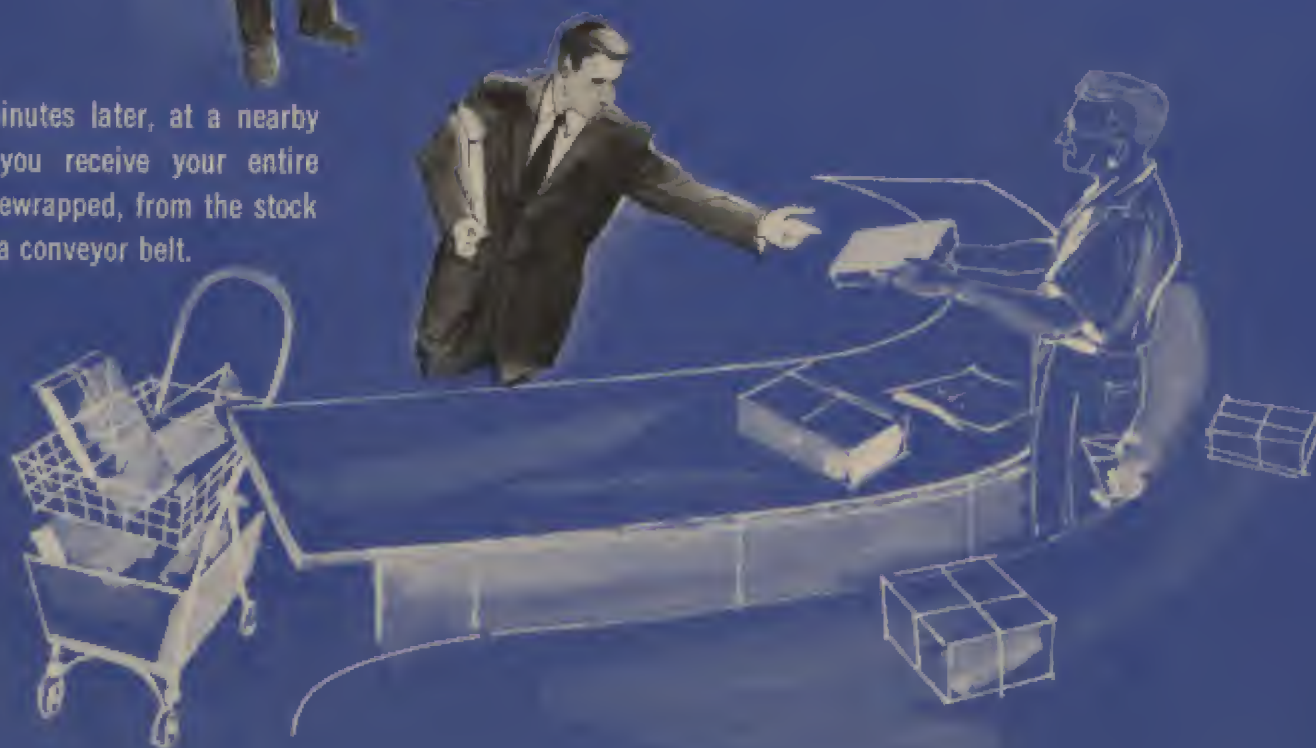
(Continued on page 67)



There are counters for the display of merchandise, but no clerks stand behind them. You make your own selections and punch a card for items you want. The clerks are at "check-out" counters to take your money or record your charge purchases.



A few minutes later, at a nearby counter you receive your entire order, prewrapped, from the stock room by a conveyor belt.



THE NATION'S WORST BOSS



GEORGE LOHR

*He penalizes merit, often fires best workers first,
and still runs our biggest business* **By SAM STAVISKY**

A GOVERNMENT personnel officer, interviewing a job candidate, wanted to know why the applicant had been laid off only a week before by another federal agency.

"I was caught in a reduction in force," the applicant replied.

The personnel officer wasn't satisfied. He wanted details.

"Well," explained the applicant, "I proposed a program for improving the efficiency of my department. The suggestion did away with the need for three clerks. On the basis of the layoff rules, I was one of the three dismissed. On the day I was let go, I was also given a cash award for acceptance of my efficiency suggestion."

An incredible story? Not so. The personnel official vouches for the story. A two-year investigation of the federal Government under the

Truman Administration conducted by the Senate Manpower Subcommittee confirms the fact that this incident, though uniquely ironic, is symptomatic of the wasteful personnel practices of the federal Government.

As a direct employer of more than 2,700,000 civilian workers, Uncle Sam is the country's biggest boss. However, the congressional probe leaves no doubt that Uncle Sam is also the nation's poorest, least efficient employer.

The inquiry disclosed that the Government has no over-all personnel policy, not even individual hiring, firing, and utilization policies. Instead, the scores of agencies and bureaus operate on a hit-and-miss basis in a red-tape jungle of confusing, complicated, and often contradictory rules, regulations, directives

and laws. As a result, Uncle Sam's manpower operations are shot through with waste and inefficiency, low morale and poor performance. The Government has an annual employee turnover of 33 per cent.

The study indicated that a considerable chunk of the Government's \$10,000,000,000 annual payroll can be saved by the application of businesslike management methods. Beyond the dollar savings, the investigation revealed that there's a neglected, untapped reservoir of energy and efficiency in our huge army of federal workers.

The subcommittee's staff investigators, directed by Melvin Purvis, former FBI agent, discovered that Civil Service was something that all government officials talked about—in public, favorably—but which many evaded whenever possible.

Why? Because civil service procedures are antiquated, cumbersome and all too often ineffectual.

For example, during the rapid expansion of Government under the impact of the mobilization program in 1951, two out of three government jobs in Washington, and one out of two in the field (where 90 per cent of the federal positions are located) could not be filled by regular civil service channels. The operating agencies had to recruit their own personnel, often competing with each other for the same manpower.

During the last four months of 1951, the investigators found, 83 recruiting teams from Washington departments were competing with 158 recruiting teams from field offices for personnel, sometimes in the same area. Four rival recruiting teams campaigned for typists and stenographers in Uniontown, Pa., a city of 20,000, within a two-month period. Four teams canvassed Buffalo in a single month for the same type of clerical help.

Government agencies are impatient with civil service methods—the preparation of an examination, announcing the exam, rating applications, preparing registers and certifying applicants.

"This slow, unwieldy procedure simply doesn't work in today's labor market," explained an Army Department personnel director. "Unless we can fill our jobs within a few days after they become vacant, the best qualified applicants disappear into other jobs."

The Small Defense Plants Administration reported that in the fall of 1951 it decided to hold an examination for the position of "industrial specialist." It took four months under civil service methods to develop the rating schedule, prepare the announcements and determine the qualifications. The exam was announced in May, 1952.

When the exam was closed in September, 1952, some 2,100 applications had been received. Of these, 360 were declared eligible. But by November, when the committee investigators caught up with the case, not one of the applicants had as yet been certified.

"Present certification and selection methods," investigators reported, "make it almost impossible in many instances for the Government to hire anything but the dregs of the available applicant supply."

In place of Civil Service, administrators and supervisors have turned to personal recruiting to get the brainpower and manpower they need to operate their offices. This recruiting practice restricts competition for the jobs to a chosen few and brings

with it the danger of "personal patronage," to the detriment of a true civil service merit system.

The Government has an even tougher time laying off employees than hiring them.

General Eisenhower and his key Executive Department officials discovered how difficult it is to remove federal jobholders who are under Civil Service. Literally thousands of Democratic Administration job appointees had been blanketed in under Civil Service protection through White House fiat. After six months in office, President Eisenhower and his new Civil Service Commission were still working at the problem of overcoming the Truman orders which, Mr. Eisenhower said, "undermine the foundation on which a genuine career service should be built." President Eisenhower issued a series of "unblanketing" orders taking many of the holdovers out from under Civil Service. Philip Young, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, said that President Eisenhower's action would "improve" rather than hurt the merit system.

The ordinary layoff procedure in the Government is called "reduction in force." The RIF, an ever-present Damoclean threat, is the formal action taken to cut back the staff when required by lack of work, cut in appropriations, reorganization, or lowered employee ceilings.

The subcommittee found that the cost of laying off workers is "excessive," and that because of outmoded procedures, the Government is losing many of its most efficient and highly skilled workers.

Reductions in force hit employees on the basis of each worker's retention points. These points are measured by four factors. Least important factor, the subcommittee found, is efficiency. Such little weight is given to individual merit that the best workers are frequently the first to be let out under RIF rules.

Seniority is also given little weight. The Navy Department asserted that in the lull between World War II and the outbreak in Korea, reductions in force seriously interfered with the productivity of their Navy Yards through the loss of mechanics having great skill and long seniority, but relatively few retention points.

The dominant factor in retention is tenure of employment. This is divided into 26 categories and subgroups. Veterans have retention priority over nonveterans within the same tenure group.

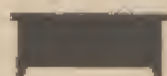
As this complicated system works out, the employee with more retention

(Continued on page 76)

HOW BUMPING WORKS

A reduction in force abolishes the job of an industrial specialist in the Defense Department, dealing with allocation of strategic materials.

1. This man, a veteran with permanent civil service status, no promotion since September, 1950, and an average performance rating, can "bump" another man doing similar work. For instance . . .



2. a nonveteran having permanent status, 20 years seniority, no promotion since September 1, 1950, and a high performance record. In turn, this man can displace . . .



3. a veteran with permanent status, a valuable employee, but who has been promoted since September 1, 1950, thus becoming "conditional" and "indefinite" in tenure for a period. He can replace . . .



4. a permanent nonveteran, conditional because of recent promotion, with an outstanding record. This employee now bumps . . .

5. a nonveteran, indefinite, who has been hired because of outstanding ability in this work. . . . This last man is out.



BASEBALL'S



Although espionage won't show in the box score, a talent for cloak-and-dagger work may be as important to a club as a star pitcher or .300 hitter



SOME 40 years ago a brash convivial personality named Dan Murphy hired himself out to the Philadelphia Athletics at prevailing big league wages, meaning not much at all. As a batter he hit the ball with occasional fervor and out in the field he caught the normal quota of tall wind-blown flies without getting brained. Nobody, not even Murphy, ever ranked him much more than a good reliable outfielder, hardly a prospect for the Hall of Fame yet hardly a prospect for baseball's lower depths either.

Old Dan Murphy never amounted to much in a last-ing record book sense except by way of illustration. At the end of his playing days he shifted from the competitive to the reflective phase of the game with only minor adjustments. Instead of leasing a pool hall or a filling station or going back home to the wrong end of a plow when his reflexes started to blur and he used up the last of his legs, Murphy continued spending his summers in Philadelphia, as a coach instead of a player because of one rare and strategic skill. Through long practice he had learned how to steal the signals rival teams used for confidential communication purposes.

For the next few years Murphy stole enemy signs literally hundreds of times, and stole them at considerable profit to the Athletics, too. In a silky, subtle specialty noted for all sorts of hair-brained intrigues, his own most productive technique seemed refreshingly simple. On a good clear day there was Dan, perched on a rooftop across the street behind center field, focusing his binoculars on the rival catcher and decoding the finger exercises that pass for memoranda between catcher and pitcher.

The project worked out rather well for the Philadelphia hitters who grew stiff-necked peering out over center field to learn from Murphy precisely what the fellow right behind them just said to the pitcher, fast ball or curve? After an inning or so he cracked even the most elaborate rival batting codes and—often by slowly crossing or spreading his legs—let the hitters know what to expect. Batters just naturally have a better chance of ambushing a fast ball if they can call it by name while the pitcher is still whirling through his windup.

One of the memories old-timers relish the most concerns Dan Murphy and a particular case of attempted larceny that didn't quite pan out. At the time Dan was relaying stolen signs back to the hitters by spinning a large weather vane on the rooftop one direction or the other according to the pitch. In the fifth inning he tried to spin the weather vane to read curve when an abrupt, almost cyclonic, gale insisted it was a fast ball.

Yet what made Murphy a really unique character in a hungry hardrock big league era was the blunt fact that he had become the first known case of anyone employed as a regular team coach on the basis of his ability to pick the competition's pockets. Baseball's front office, which includes a traditionally strict accounting department, officially recognized on payday the high market value of an exceptionally talented espionage specialist.

In many ways the rare experts in the field have had a pretty good thing ever since. From time to time a few players with no known managerial talent have signed

By **BOB DEINDORFER**

COUNTERSPIES

on as major league coaches or even minor league managers. Some others have hung on in the big time as players beyond their normal span while slightly heavier hitters and stronger pitchers fallowed down on the farm teams. Why? Simply because they knew how to steal enemy secrets.

Even the most attentive fans know little about what has come to be a brisk subsidiary part of the more publicized, more obvious major league communications system. The visible charms of a gymnastic double play or the arc of a long booming hit to the stadium wall mask a silent jittery undercover war out on the diamond. And baseball's counterspies, bringing an incredible amount of ingenuity into play, win games, series and even an occasional pennant for the owners who pick up their paychecks.

All season long wise and resourceful professionals have artfully studied the competition's fraternal manual alphabet patiently searching for leaks. Out of a maze of approximately 200 signs passed across the field every day by the rival team, they successfully intercept anywhere from one to a dozen. Through shrewd, revealing techniques, tight coordination and sometimes a glaring slip by an enemy signalman, these largely unsung specialists translate stolen signs into hits and runs without ever lifting a bat.

"I'd hate to guess how many hits result from coaches calling the pitches for batters ahead of time," says Fresco Thompson, general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. "We seldom make book on it but I can say one thing. Stolen signs win a lot of ball games."

The popularity of this seamy pickpocket practice is such that anyone who scratches his nose comes under suspicious scrutiny. Was it a good, honest itch or a signal? At times some third base coach intently trying to pick up the rival catcher's signs is himself the object of wide-eyed study by other experts who wonder what he might be saying to a base runner. The tangled cross-currents of big league espionage focus on every sign except the advertising poster up on the right field fence.

An occasional potluck interception ruffles even the lowliest team playing out a dreary string toward an eighth-place oblivion, but what really rubs the calloused nerves of the manager is a consistent pattern of ambush. To prevent any further diamond robberies, every team has a fateful emergency signal to be handed down from on high at critical junctures during the game. The signal serves as an SOS to all hands. In mute and urgent tones it says that the competition has broken the code and so let's try another one as of right now. Last season a superior counterspy forced a team to change signs three times in one game.

Hank Greenberg got caught in one of those switches one day and it almost cost him his head. Detroit's Del Baker had been reading Cleveland battery signs with great success most of the afternoon. Up stepped Greenberg to the plate and Baker called down to him "Hit it now" for a curve ball. Anticipating the curve, Hank spread his feet and leaned out over the plate. What neither one knew was that Cleveland, aware of too many interceptions, had just altered its code by interchanging the curve and fast ball signs. Hank sprawled in the dirt to escape a pitch whistling at his features at roughly 90 mph. After the game he politely

thanked Baker for all the help and said he'd blankety-blank steal his own signs in the future.

No matter how many blokes drawing big league paychecks might mysteriously dwell on their own occult powers, only a handful of men qualify as legitimate members of the craft. Partly by instinct and partly by long patient training they consistently steal enough signs to give their teams a valuable, often critical edge. Baker, Bob Ramazotti, Terry Moore, Bill McKechnie, Frank Crosetti, Hardrock Johnson, Casey Stengel, Paul Schreiber, Red Smith and Mike Sandlock all read enemy secrets with what amounts to a calculating nonchalance.

Yet even fellow burglars admit that the best set of tools for sign-stealing inhabit the skull of Charley Dressen, a loud, raspy, thoroughly likable man who manages the Brooklyn Dodgers. Any time Charley is ever between jobs, as they say, he can pick up a big league coaching berth for as much as \$15,000 on the strength of his reputation as the most effective counterspy in the business. Charley does not quarrel with this view.

"Last year I called pitches and stole signs which accounted for nine wins," he said not so long ago. Since the Dodgers won the National League flag by only six games the inference was plain.

It is one of the most poetic ironies of the game that Dressen, for all his ability, was hoist with his own petard at the conclusion of his long and tiring season of larceny in the National League. After three games in the World Series last fall Brooklyn led the Yankees two games to one, and then look what happened! Halfway through the fourth game, one run down, Brooklyn moved Andy Pafko

(Continued on page 82)



EASY ON YOUR EYES

Type is a tool and, like all good tools, should not be noticed for itself but for the work it does **By RALPH PATTERSON**



Robert F. Nelson, president of the Lanston Monotype Machine Company, is not learning his ABC's. He is looking at exact facsimiles of the original drawings of "Times Roman," a type developed, after years of research, for The Times of London. This type (in which this caption is set) is becoming widely popular in this country. Mrs. Beatrice Warde of England shows him first copy in this country of book describing printing of The Times.

GUTENBERG'S INVENTION of movable type gave mankind its first and most important freedom. That was the freedom from ignorance.

Until then man's accumulated knowledge was the special preserve of the few. Scholars might pore over it and arrive at ideas which they could discuss with other scholars.

Gutenberg took learning from the cloister and put it on the street corner. Today the printed word provides a common forum where all men may share the opinions—wise or foolish—of other men.

Without this easy meeting ground, our world would be far different today. Business as we know it could not exist because every operation from the finding of raw materials, through hiring of workmen, tempting of customers, down to the final sales slip depends on knowledge gained or spread by the printed word. It is the same in education, science, in medicine, in politics. From the kindergarten primer to the atomic formula, type leaves its impressions on our minds. Without printing even our form of government would have been impossible. Democracy could not exist in longhand because democracy, to live, depends on informed masses.

This year the people of this country—businessmen, publishers, clergymen, scholars, all of us—will spend \$3,000,000,000 printing words on paper. We have our choice of almost 5,000 type styles in which to print them and a half dozen different methods of setting them up. Some of those types are as conspicuously unlike as greyhounds and Saint Bernards, but, except in the big headline sizes, most people will not notice the difference.

That is because the type designers, the founders and the directors of printing in this country have taken to heart the advice of a handsome woman with a British accent.

"Printing," she said, "should be invisible."

The woman is Mrs. Beatrice Warde, American-born advertising director of the Monotype Company of Great Britain, and famed writer on type and printing.

What she meant was that the type in which the words are printed ought not to be noticed for itself but should let ideas come through as through clear glass.

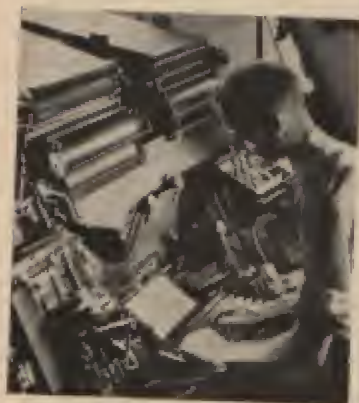
Whether or not this complete anonymity will ever be achieved, type designers constantly strive for a closer approach to it by producing new type faces calcu-



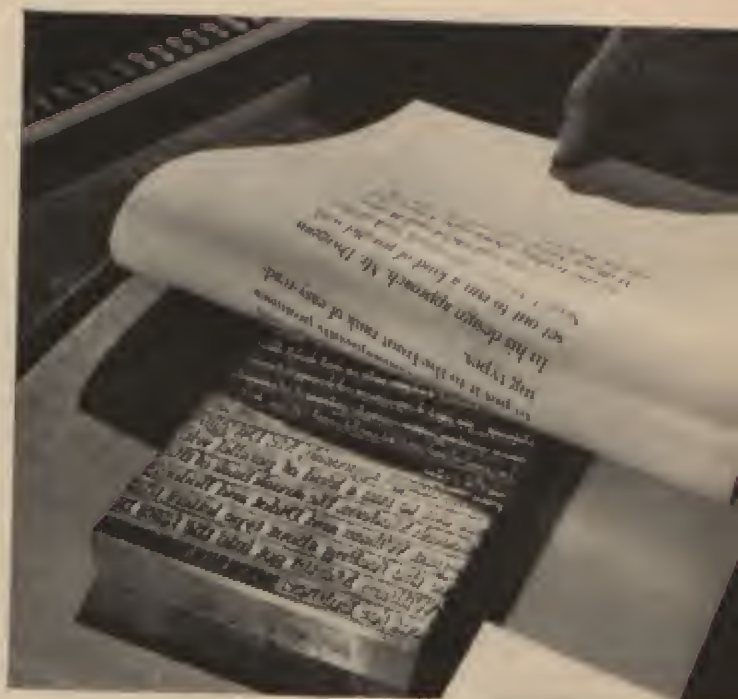
When William A. Dwiggins makes experimental drawings for a new type face, his work is disciplined by what peoples' eyes have grown used to in 500 years of printing development—and knowledge of what happens when inked type meets paper. He designed this type, *Electra Italic*



Dimensions of the letter worked out to ten-thousandths of an inch on the big drawing below, are traced on a brass pattern plate which the woman at left uses to guide cutting tool to shape steel punch (left hand). This is stamped in side of Linotype matrix (right hand) to form mold for hot type metal

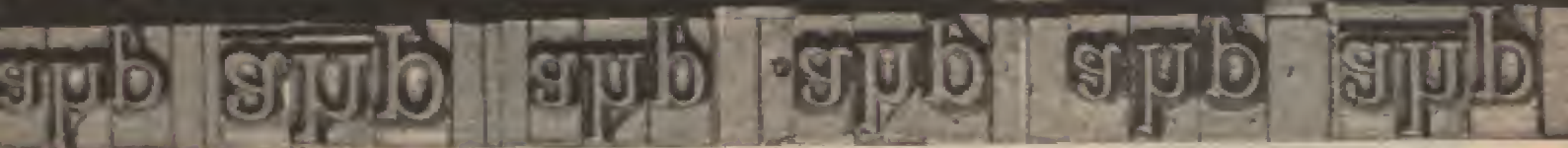


As the Linotype operator presses his keys, matrixes from the magazine form a line like that below. Wedge-shaped space-bands "justify" the line, make it leak proof as metal is pressed against it to mold a line of type



Type must look well in a mass. A thousandth of an inch of ink, squeezed out beside a letter, can ruin a page





Magnified type above printed letters below. All this is 10 point, some of it designed "big for

ahp ahp ahp ahp ahp ahp ahp ahp

lated to meet a given need better than anything previously available. People who use it know that type is a tool and, like any tool, serves best when used in the work for which it is adapted. For instance, the type best suited to announce the

Season's End Sale of Summer Suits

would be an awkward instrument for

Mr. and Mrs. John Jones announce engagement of their daughter

To assure that we need not come to that, five firms in America make metal types; Mergenthaler Linotype and Intertype make line-casting machines and matrices; Lanston Monotype makes machines and matrices for casting and setting single types in a line. Ludlow in Chicago makes matrices which are set by hand to mold solid lines of large-size type in metal; American Type Founders makes single metal types for hand composition, while Intertype is producing its "Fotosetter" machine and Graphic Arts Research Foundation is putting "Photon" to work in ten newspaper, book and general printing houses. Both these last compose, not by metal type, but by photography.

The men who design the types which will feed these various processes are not only craftsmen technicians, enthusiastic about improving a functional tool, but men who regard the Roman letter as a noble thing. They are doubly men of letters in that most of them have written ably about their craft—and other things. They give types new personalities—something of their own personalities—by slight variations in weight and curve and serif treatment. (This type has serifs; this type has none.)

Among the designers is William A. Dwiggins, a whimsical scholar whose "Caledonia" type face this is. In his studio at Hingham, Mass., he also works as a decorative artist and book designer, writes satire and produces plays in his marionette theater.

Frederic W. Goudy, before his death in 1947, designed more than 100 faces. This is his "Kennerley."

Warren Chappell, American illustrator, designed this "Trajanus" face. Produced in Germany, war interrupted its completion. It has become popular in Sweden, and one American type house invested \$12,000 to import a full size range.

According to Chappell's view, the designer does not draw type. He thinks of his work as shearing away steel and leaving the letter form.

Eric Gill, who died in England in 1940, was a sculptor, wood engraver and a prolific and deeply religious essayist on the dignity of man. This is his "PERPETUA" imported by Monotype. Linotype is sounding out printing users about importing another face of his design "Pilgrim."

To design a new type face, a man must do more than draw handsome letters on paper, although that is how the process begins. The type designer has more than a simple drafting problem. He must, for instance, produce an alphabet in which every letter looks well alongside every other.

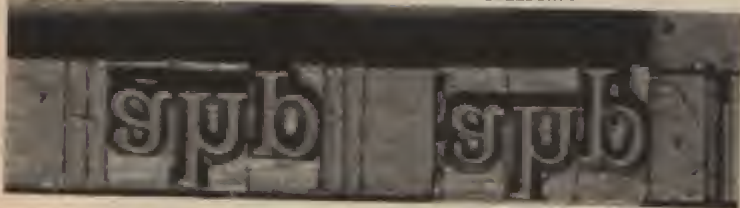
Ability to make this happen is one thing that distinguishes a good type designer from a lettering artist who can alter his shapes a little to accommodate whatever letter is alongside.

The designer must also produce letters which look well, not only in the size in which he drew them, but in many other sizes as well. All types are produced in several sizes. A few run from the 5½ point agate in which newspapers set baseball box scores, through 12 point in which six letter "M's" set side by side measure an inch, through the big 48 and 72 point sizes used for newspaper headlines.

A "point," the measuring unit for type sizes is one seventy-second of an inch.

Sometimes a type which is pleasing in 12 point may seem too small in eight point while faces quite readable at eight point may be too large for comfort in 12.

The designer must also have in mind how the letter will be used in printing: Does he want to design a



its size." Type is always read upside down.

face for letterpress printing, the most common, in which the paper is pressed against a raised type surface? If so, is it a letter intended for smooth-coated paper, which will show sharp detail, or one planned for printing on rougher soft paper? Is it intended to work well in offset printing, where a flat printing plate transfers its impression to a rubber roller, which in turn carries it to the paper? Or will it work well for gravure printing, where it will be transferred by photography to printing rollers where the type image is recessed in the plate? That's how Sunday rotogravure sections are printed.

Or he may be designing for one of the brand-new processes in which the type is actually a photographic negative and is "set" by a beam of light.

In whatever size the user selected and by whatever process he prints it, the type face must be easy to read. And readability is not entirely a matter of size. It comes, rather, from a type's ability to hang together to form a quickly recognized word shape. This is in turn a matter of proportion. As a broad general rule, a type intended to be used most frequently in 12 point or larger will have a relatively small x-height, compared to letters that go up to the top of the type body, like "h," and the ones that go down, like "p." Faces meant for easy reading in sizes below ten point have a sturdy work-horse proportion of big "x" height compared to the ascenders and descenders.

Once the designer has completed his work, his drawings go to the foundry where draftsmen and precision machine operators put them through a series of thousandth-inch-splitting operations to reduce their size. A few letters are produced and proofs are pulled to see if the face which looked so fine in the drawing develops unexpected optical faults when a large mass of it is put together.

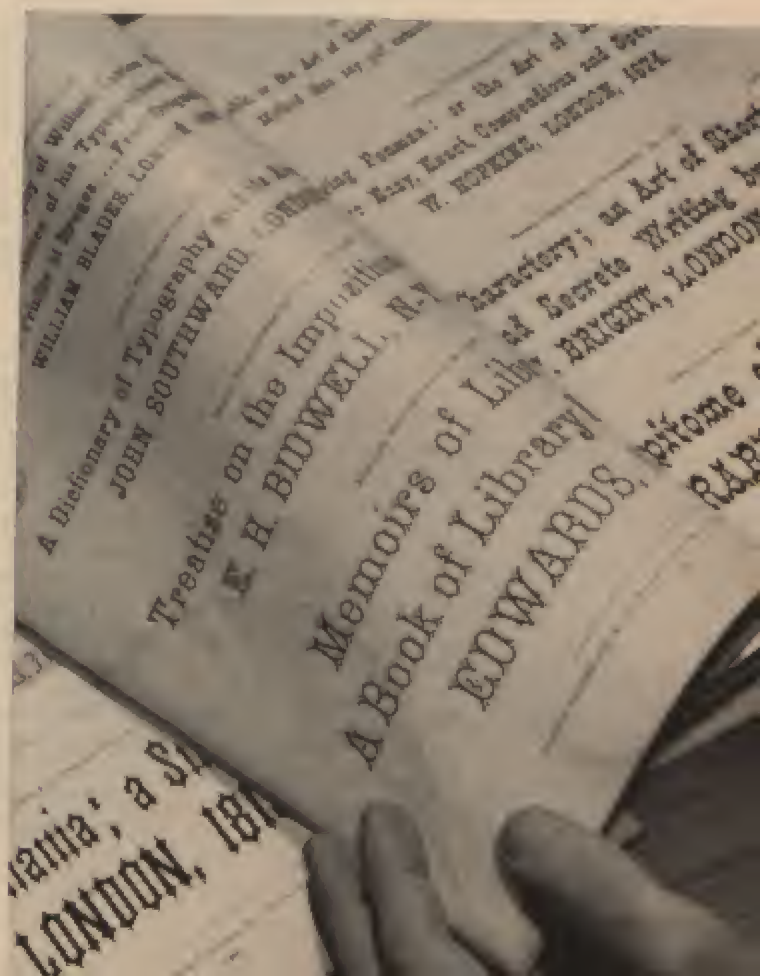
Sometimes that happens. A thousandth of an inch of ink squeezing out at the sides of the letters may make a whole page look blurred and uninviting.

If the type looks well in one size the head of the foundry's design department makes a new series of drawings, slightly altering the artist's originals to meet the requirements of different sizes. The six point size, reduced exactly from the successful 12-point size would be weak and thin. Making such alterations and keeping the letter recognizable as the same face requires a specialized kind of talent. (Continued on page 84)



WERNER WOLFF—BLACK STAR

Unlike others, display heading types should not be "invisible." They should scream—as do those Miss Nancy Fay Watts of Amsterdam Continental Type-founders is showing above. Printers seeking a fresh note are importing tons of foreign types. Today's display faces are still simpler than were those of our Victorian ancestors (below). These fancy old faces are used now for "quaintness."



ABILITIES
INC.

NO ABLE-BODIED NEED APPLY



When Henry Viscardi decided to prove that craftsmanship was not a matter of arms or legs—or even of eyes—he started a business that does the impossible as a matter of course

By **LOIS MATTOX MILLER**
and **JAMES MONAHAN**

OVER the entrance to the low white building in West Hempstead, N. Y., a sign reads simply: ABILITIES, INC. "That's really an understatement," says one big industrialist who does business with the little firm. "Ingenuity Unlimited would be a more appropriate name."

Within one year ingenuity has made Abilities, Inc., a phenomenal success in a rugged, highly competitive field. As subcontractor to a dozen large corporations, this firm produces electronic units, mechanical assemblies, components for aircraft, shell fuses, radios, record players and dictating machines.

Inspectors from the big companies examine the work and whistle in amazement. Quality is higher, rejection rate lower, production greater than in their own plants. Abilities, Inc., even makes money by tackling problems that have stumped the experts.

But at quitting time, when the workers stream toward the parking lot, you will see what makes this small business truly unique. Everyone, from the Big Boss down to the

last apprentice, is severely crippled or blind. Indeed, a man with all his physical faculties intact can't get past the employment office. Which may be just as well. The average "able-bodied" worker would find the firm's pace exhausting.

Only a year ago most of these 50-odd workers were jobless—classified as "unemployable." Most of them had never worked and were living on some form of government benefit. Today they earn prevailing wages, pay their taxes, and many drive their own cars.

A year ago the firm was nothing but a daring venture, started on a shoestring. Today it is solidly in the black, with a nice surplus and a backlog of work that requires plant expansion. What's the secret? "The craftsmanship of devoted workers," says the Big Boss.

The Big Boss is Henry Viscardi, Jr., the man born without legs who went through Army basic training on two artificial limbs and later gave up a \$15,000 job to work with the physically handicapped. He started Abilities, Inc., to confound some



PHOTOS BY BLACK STAFF

skeptics. He confounded them so completely that he now has a flourishing business on his hands.

Hank found that most projects for assisting the handicapped included a scheme for a "sheltered workshop" where "made work" would be provided.

"That's not what these people need," Hank argued. "Charity and pampering stifles them. They thrive in competitive, even impossible, situations. Our purpose shouldn't be just to make jobs but to develop salable skills."

Lots of good people thought that was too hard-boiled. Hank decided he would have to demonstrate—the hard way—what he was driving at. Cautiously he disclosed the idea to several businessmen's groups on Long Island. He intended to start a small business, rent a plant, hire and train run-of-the-mill cripples, and seek subcontracts from big manufacturers. The reaction was curious.

Lots of men applauded, and took out their checkbooks. They were surprised when Hank refused contributions. "This is strictly a business proposition," he explained. "We'll gladly borrow your money, if you'll take our notes. But unless this outfit can pay its own way and make money, the whole idea is unsound."

Hank raised the modest \$8,000 he needed for working capital. He formed a nonprofit membership corporation with a board of directors made up of successful (but physically handicapped) businessmen. They leased a new one-story building in West Hempstead. Abilities, Inc., was born in August, 1952.

On that hot summer morning Hank Viscardi and his first four em-

ployes opened the doors of the bare plant and began hosing down some grimy desks and chairs acquired from a defunct fuel company. The five had only one genuine, serviceable leg among them, and the man with the one good leg was minus an arm! The "legman" was Lee Hyatt, 30, who came through the war unscathed as a submariner in the Pacific. On a postwar construction job a heavy crane collapsed, severing his right arm and right leg. Lee became the all-round man of the shop and an expert on personnel administration.

Art Nierenberg, 24, severely crippled by polio since childhood, was confined to his wheelchair. He had once owned a small furniture-making shop but that had failed. When Hank found him, Art was jobless, broke, living with a wife and baby in an unheated summer bungalow. But Art was a born craftsman, a wizard at cost analysis, with a flair for handling people. He was to be plant manager.

Jimmy Wadsworth, 38, was a deep sea diver in Alaska, when a bad case of "bends" paralyzed him from the waist down, and partially blinded one eye. He became the firm's genius at developing new tools and methods.

Joe Kremnitz, 27, caught a sniper's bullet in Germany. It severed his spinal cord and left him a paraplegic. Joe had been trained in benchwork, showed real mechanical aptitude, but had never been able to get a job.

Things happened fast in those first 30 days. The shop was planned and laid out. Workbenches and equipment were scrounged, borrowed or

bought secondhand. Job applicants, mostly from relief and welfare agencies, were interviewed, screened, and hired or placed on the waiting list. Meanwhile, Hank beat the bushes for work.

He had to bid competitively for contracts. He had to contend with industry's reasonable doubts that this new, untried outfit, made up of cripples, could do all he claimed. But Hank knew that landing the first few jobs was his hardest task; afterward he could show finished work to support his claims. To everyone's surprise he brought in the first contract within 30 days.

This was a small order for the cables that link up the complex automatic firing equipment on Sabrejet fighters. But it was precision work. Servomechanisms Incorporated offered it frankly as a trial.

"Boy, how we sweated over that one," says Art Nierenberg. The specimen assembly was torn down and reassembled. Every effort was made to find ways of doing the job faster, better. The goal was not just to meet the Servo standard but to surpass it.

The finished work went out on schedule. Servo engineers gave it rigorous inspection. They couldn't believe it! Each assembly was perfect, with every wire and lacing precisely where the blueprint specified.

Next, the Ford Instrument Company gave Abilities a really big contract for more complicated work—a component of the small servomotors which perform many operations in aircraft and radar equipment. Abilities is still turning out these assemblies and has made an amazing

(Continued on page 70)

\$1,500,000 PARKING SPACE

A SAN FRANCISCO sight that amazes visitors is the daily swarm of autos darting like hornets in and out of a hole in the ground under the city's popular downtown park, Union Square. This unique hole in the ground is a four-story \$1,500,000 parking facility for 1,700 cars. Since most of the stalls are used at least twice daily, the garage handles up to 3,000 cars a day, making it one of the largest downtown parking garages in existence.

When Union Square garage was built 11 years ago, it was one of the country's unusual construction projects. First the park, including trees, shrubs, and the tall monument to Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, was removed and put in storage. Then a huge hole was excavated and a four-level concrete building was poured, after which the park, with new lawns, flower gardens, shrubs, benches, and even the Dewey monument, was restored on the roof of the garage.

At the time it was built, the huge underground garage was rated such a dubious commercial venture that no operator in San Francisco would lease it because of its size. Carlton H. Wall, head of a committee of merchants and property owners who had sponsored the structure as a civic enterprise, was forced to bring in an optimistic Los Angeles garage operator, ebullient Andrew Pansini, to run the subterranean parking garage.

The garage has turned out to be a gold mine—for Mr. Pansini, for the bondholders, for the merchants, and for the city. According to Russell L. Wolden, city assessor, it has increased property values in the neighborhood 47 per cent. It kept the merchants, doctors, dentists, and other professional men from moving out of the downtown area. More than 100 cities in this country and abroad have sent experts to study the operation to see if it might hold the key to

keeping crowded metropolitan areas from disintegrating and becoming obsolete. Both Mr. Wall and Mr. Pansini, as spokesmen for the garage project, have become parking experts whose advice is much sought.

"Building adequate downtown 'landing strips' for motorists is the best way to head off blighted areas in a city," says Mr. Wall, adding, "If you don't provide garage space, your tenants begin moving out on you."

Says Mr. Pansini, who has rolled up two fortunes in the parking lot business, "Parking cars is the sleeper industry today. You could build parking garages every two blocks in most cities, and they'd make money. Every baby born this year will be driving a car 16 years from now. Who is making provisions to park that car? Nobody."

The idea of a garage under Union Square, which is surrounded by 30 stores and shops, 14 professional buildings, 40 hotels and clubs, 80 restaurants, and various theaters and ticket offices, had been talked about for years, but nobody did anything about it until 1939. Then Mr. Wall, a vigorous, forthright character, called a group together to organize the Union Square Garage Corporation with 100 shares of stock which they put in escrow. He persuaded Timothy Phlueger, an architect, to draft plans for a four-story underground building and talked F. M. McAuliffe, an attorney, into handling the legal work on speculation, while Mr. Wall himself called on some 300 merchants and property owners to sell them the idea.

By the end of the year he had lined up \$700,000 in bond subscriptions for the corporation. To show his good faith, he bought \$10,000 worth himself, and persuaded an estate for which he was administrator to take another \$30,000 worth. Big department stores subscribed \$10,000, little jewelers \$100 for their motorist pa-

trons. Mr. McAuliffe obtained an \$850,000 loan from the RFC.

The completed plans called for a garage with no elevators, and an entrance that had the atmosphere of a hotel lobby. It was agreed to pay the city a \$5,000 a year rental, plus one half of the profits, if any. The supervisors granted the corporation a 25-year lease on the area beneath the Square, with the proviso that the park be restored in all its original beauty.

Bulldozers, steam shovels, and dump trucks moved in. The park disappeared, then 150,000 cubic yards of earth rolled away.

Entry of the United States into the war prompted the Government to cut off allotments of steel, and it looked as if Union Square would be a hole in the ground for the duration. Then federal authorities were persuaded that completion of the garage was an urgent defense measure, the quickest way to provide a downtown bomb shelter in San Francisco. A priority was obtained and work began again. Reinforced concrete was poured at top speed, floors and ramps took shape, each floor supported by 160 concrete columns.

The job finished, Mr. Wall found himself with a \$1,500,000 white elephant on his hands.

"I wasn't a garageman so I called in all the big operators of garages in town," he recalls. "Every one of them said, 'It's too big.' Not one wanted to run it. Well, we had a \$15,000 monthly overhead eating us so I had to do something fast. I had heard of Andy Pansini's parking operations in Los Angeles so I called him. He came up, and within two days he had leased the garage for 25 years."

From then on, the operation is Mr. Pansini's story. He agreed to pay the \$15,000 monthly overhead, largely interest and amortization on
(Continued on page 58)



A hole which everyone agreed was an expensive folly pays off for the operator, the bondholders, the merchants and for the city

By FRANK J. TAYLOR



While waiting for their cars to be brought up from lower levels, patrons relax on built-in leather couches

Servicing customers' autos while they shopped helped the garage earn more than \$1,200,000 last year





HOW'S

AN AUTHORITATIVE REPORT BY THE STAFF OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

AGRICULTURE

USDA has doubled its order for grain bins in preparation for the corn crop and it is working to get more storage capacity built.

The present lack of storage space with which to qualify for CCC loans is one reason why the price support programs have failed to hold farm prices above the support line for oncoming crops.

Weakening prices continue to plague agriculture. The farmers' only encouragement is a tendency toward lower prices for some equipment. Even this cannot be called a trend.

The price weakness is chiefly a reflection of large supplies. Demand seems to have weakened little if any, except for the decline in exports for some crops.

Drought has also taken its toll. Extensive emergency relief measures have been asked, more will be needed. Wheat, corn and cotton crops are already doomed in some areas but livestock suffers most.

Softening prices and drought are reminding business people generally of the farmers' importance as a customer.

CREDIT & FINANCE

DURING the second half of calendar 1953, the Federal Treasury will have to borrow more than \$30,000,000,000. About two thirds of this

will be needed to replace securities maturing during the period, and the remainder (\$10,000,000,000 or so) will be new money to take care of an anticipated deficit.

This doesn't mean that the deficit for the whole of Fiscal 1954 (which ends next June 30) will be \$10,000,000,000. There is a strong seasonal pattern in federal deficits caused by the fact that, while expenditures remain fairly steady throughout the fiscal year, revenues are heaviest during the last six months. Thus, a big deficit which accumulates between July and December is sharply reduced during the following six months when revenues are greater than spending.

The Treasury's finance burden, aggravated by the unexpectedly large deficit in fiscal 1953, will bring to a halt, at least temporarily, its efforts to shift some of the Government's troublesome short-term debt into longer maturities.

CONSTRUCTION

THE dependence of house building on mortgage credit is so great that any shortage of mortgage funds is bound to interrupt building activity. This principle would not be worth restating if recent events had not shown up a widespread misunderstanding of the credit operation in a private economy.

This has been largely responsible for the present shortage of funds for

Federal Housing Administration and Veterans' Administration mortgages. Because the Government has applied conditions as to interest rate and other features of the loan transaction that are not in accord with the prevailing market situation, a serious loss of credit support may threaten house building.

Now the Government is being urged to take steps to see to it that the insured and guaranteed systems perform the important functions for which they were designed. They should become auxiliaries to the market, not instruments for attempting to coerce the market.

DISTRIBUTION

CUSTOMERS are shopping—everyone's customers, including the retail, wholesale and service industries. Because of this, business in distribution isn't easy—although it is good. To keep it good in the third quarter, distributors are looking in two directions: toward volume operations and the credit field.

The search for volume leads to such operational procedures as self-service and more night openings at the retail level; more selling advice and assistance from the manufacturer in the salesmanship field.

Caution seems indicated on further credit extension. Some analysts believe that, though not overextended now, credit is heavily concentrated in the younger, middle-income family. With continued high levels of employment, those obligations will be met.

Inventories in wholesaling and retailing are rising slightly but holding about even with sales, except for automobiles. In that field, stocks are rising.

FOREIGN TRADE

THE fact that foreign gold and dollar reserves increased by about \$750,000,000 in the first quarter of 1953 needs to be properly interpreted if it is not to cause excessive cheer.

In the first place the increase arises from no significant tendency of the U. S. trade balance to reach an equilibrium between imports and exports. It comes from the success of foreign restrictions against U. S.

BUSINESS? a look ahead

exports. Because of these restrictions, the various forms of foreign aid have bolstered foreign reserves.

The only true measurement of foreign reserves lies in their relation to the value of world trade.

In 1937 gold and foreign exchange reserves in countries other than the United States equalled 59 per cent of the value of world trade. The comparable figure in 1952 was 28 per cent.

This meant that 1952 reserves in relation to the value of trade were less than half those of 1937.

GOVERNMENT SPENDING

EVEN though fiscal 1953 ended with a record peacetime deficit of \$9,400,000,000, prospects for 1954 aren't so bad.

First reports on the new fiscal year are encouraging, with revenues higher than last year, and expenditures lower; the deficit is therefore running much smaller than in fiscal 1953.

A significant sign, often overlooked, is the fact that government employment has dropped by 124,000 since its high point a year ago. In salaries alone, this means a saving of almost exactly \$500,000,000 a year, not to mention the other expenses of the functions these employees performed.

Most important of all are the cuts made by the President and Congress in the budget for 1954 prepared by the past administration. These cuts are the stiffest in history, and they are bound to have a pronounced effect on federal spending.

LABOR RELATIONS

LEADERS of AFL and CIO have been trying hard to prevent nationwide strikes which might swing public opinion against them. Witness, for example, the union negotiators' tractableness in the auto and steel industries. Top union leaders recognize that a new climate exists and that, if strikes occur, the conclusion would be that more restrictive legislation is necessary now.

This attitude also explains why prospects for amending the Taft-Hartley Act have all but vanished. Labor leaders feared that, if the Act

were open to amendment, the House of Representatives might add new restrictions on labor.

Although President Eisenhower is eager to make some changes in Taft-Hartley, labor knows that both he and Congress would meet the basic issue of labor power squarely.

This issue may arise before many months anyway. The rivalry between the competitive union groups is likely to wear away the restraints that the unions have imposed upon themselves. If one or more of them decides there is no other way to gain union objectives, the latent power is likely to be used.

NATURAL RESOURCES

ALTHOUGH little immediate change seems likely in regard to the 24 per cent of the United States that the federal Government owns, long-range plans for such changes are taking shape.

Edward A. Woosley, Administrator of the Bureau of Land Management, told a recent conference of Western States Land Commissioners at Jackson Hole, Wyo., that the Interior Department is setting up three general categories into which all federal lands under its jurisdiction will eventually be classified: those lands where highest use can be attained by federal ownership; lands that might go into state ownership; and lands which should be disposed of to private owners.

Many public land acreages—especially in Alaska and the West—which have been withdrawn for various reasons, including defense, are no longer needed for those purposes. These are now to be restored to full development and use of their natural resources.

Meanwhile Congress appears to be in no mood to appropriate any large funds to acquire lands, except for defense reasons.

TAXATION

WHEN the Ways and Means Committee began hearings on revision of the Internal Revenue Code, it hoped to complete them by July 31, prepare a bill during the recess months, and introduce the measure shortly after Congress reconvened in January. It

now appears that the time lost because of the EPT fight and the Treasury's decision to withhold its recommendations until next year have thrown the tax revision program far off schedule.

Indications are the new Administration tax program, to be disclosed in January, will touch off a new series of hearings which will cover many of the subjects on which individuals and organizations have already expressed their views.

It is probable that, among the items for January consideration, will be the remaining portions of the President's request: indefinite extension of the corporate income tax increase, and extension of the 1951 excise increases.

Treasury Secretary Humphrey asked to have these extensions included with consideration of the excess profits tax, but Congress did not take up the suggestion.

TRANSPORTATION

LEGISLATION to permit the federal Government to underwrite the development of a jet airliner is gathering dust—for practical reasons.

Important industry spokesmen are more than a little cool toward the use of jets in domestic operation.

They acknowledge and envy the jet's superior speed but feel that its disadvantages far outweigh this consideration. They list the jet's terrific development cost and consequent purchase price; its relative inefficiency at low altitudes and for short and intermediate distances; and its expensive operation.

In spite of these objections, American international operators may go to jet propulsion for competitive reasons.

But, although jet propulsion is at least temporarily laid aside, new and better airplanes are on the way. Next year will see larger and faster planes powered with present-type piston engines. When these need replacement, expectations are that manufacturers—with an assist by the military—will have perfected the turbine-propeller, or turbo-prop, power plant. These engines promise greater speed with none of the disadvantages of jet engines and operating economy equal to the best piston engines.

Take a gander at the goose

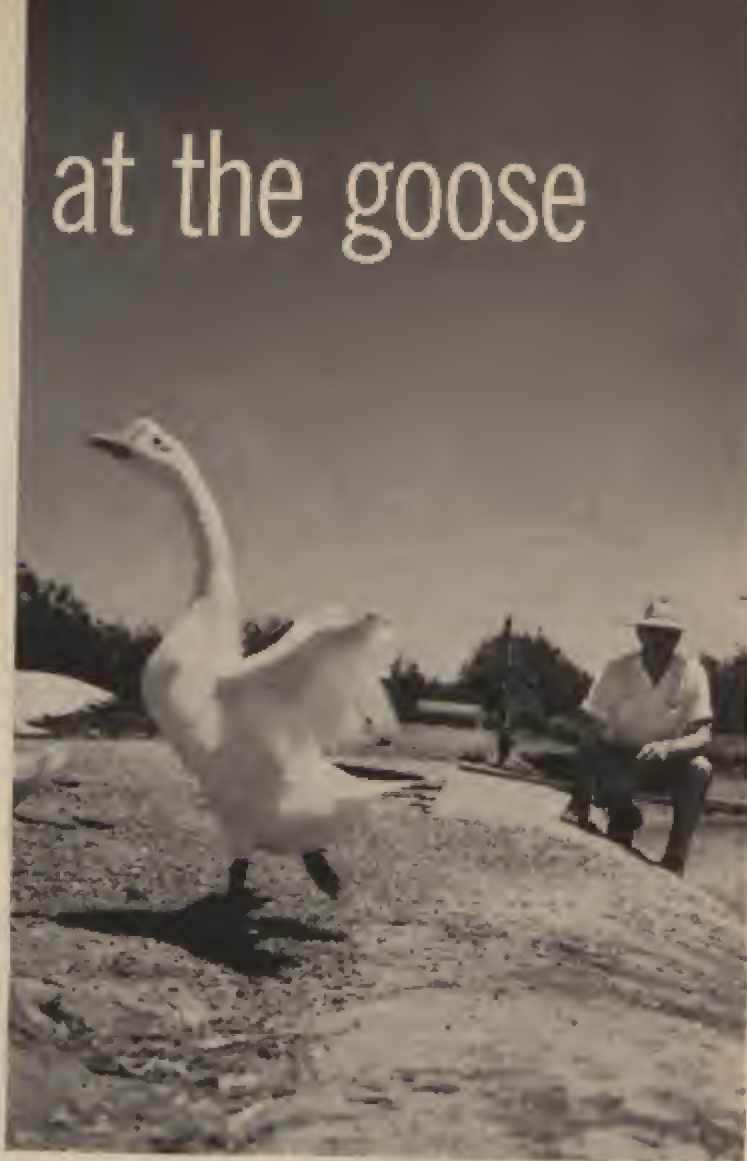
Geese may not lay golden eggs, but they are showing the way to new riches as they hit the comeback trail

By GERALD MOVIUS



Dean Stahmann has cashed in on fact geese won't eat cotton plants

Today, growers are hiring the young birds in mass gaggles as "hoe hands"



LEANDER, the gander, is now waddling back into America's economy. The goose promises to become a multimillion dollar business after many decades as the merest ripple in the current of industry.

Leander's vest-works of light, warm down are prime stuff for Air Force gear, sleeping bags and military hospital pillows, and our feather merchants have been rushing around like mad trying to fill the needs of the armed services. The price of down has quadrupled in the past three years.

Cotton growers are hiring young geese in mass gaggles as "hoe hands," because Leander asks no pay except the weeds he eats; he lets the plants alone. The price of breeding stock has doubled in a year.

The reliable poultry trade press views the situation with restrained enthusiasm, but it can't stop the flying rumors of fortunes to be made in geese with little capital and less effort.

There is money in the goose game, sure. But thousands of wistful urbanites who are longing for "a little farm" will take a plucking if they confuse Leander in the flesh with the fairy tale bird that laid the golden eggs. It's about time an old goose boy took quill in hand to pen Leander's comeback story, because we all have a stake in his future—a gastronomical stake at least.

Have you had roast goose lately? No?

Then you belong to the overwhelming majority of Americans who have forgotten—or never had a chance to try—the rich, dark meat of a properly cooked domestic goose. But if you're a man who likes to chef it now and then, especially for some extra-festive evening, roast goose is for you. Serve it hot at a sit-down dinner or cold from the buffet, and you'll win kudos for a change of pace in the ham-and-turkey routine of the holiday party circuit.

But the price! Ah, yes, the price. Last year, goose retailed at up to 95 cents a pound, eviscerated and

frozen. Bill Lowthorp, whose market caters to upper Connecticut Avenue dwellers in Washington, D. C., says that even his carriage trade customers demur at \$9.50 for a ten-pound fowl that loses two pounds in the cooking.

Despair not. As Leander's tribe increases, you can get a roasting goose at a price competitive with that of other table birds. Even goose liver sausage may come within range of the average household budget. The stuff slides down cozily with a humming rummer of something wet, but right now you pay up to \$3.95 for a two-and-one-half ounce jug.

The French have virtually cornered the market for *pâté de foie gras*, exporting around \$700,000 worth of it a year. We don't have the truffles with which the French flavor their product, but some Americans are figuring that in a few years hence we can at least dent the French monopoly with a comparable domestic product.

The French force-feed, or "noodle," their geese by hand to swell the livers to abnormal size, a practice that only the huskiest birds can survive. The art of hand noodling is little known among us, but an American-made device slips a funnel down the bird's gullet and gets the food where it belongs without any of it lodging in the windpipe. It's supposed to be safe—and humane—but Warren McSpadden, general manager of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, tells me that humane societies generally might take a lowering view of the process if a large army of amateurs began wielding the noodling machine.

Up to now he has heard no squawks from the geese, and he has little to fear in the future. Goose liver sausage talk in America is not in terms of bigger livers per goose, but in terms of more livers, which means more geese. That's the basic need all the way around.

Once there were four or five geese per person in this country, but the last time it counted bills the Department of Agriculture found 1,500,000 geese on farms. That is less than two tenths of one per cent of all the poultry in the United States. Even ducks outnumber geese by ten to one.

What happened to Leander?

Progress. That's what happened to him, but you can't keep a good bird down. Leander is a feathered object lesson in the resurgent powers of self-reliance. His ability to paddle his built-in canoe almost from the day he pips the egg enhances his value in our economy today just as it won him both honor and respect in our economy of day before yesterday.

Leander's past is a clue to the present flurry of interest in his future. History rates him as a most congenial, addlepatented fellow, slavishly devoted to the well-being of the human race.

Our forebears approached roast goose with worshipful jaws, for Leander's virtues were esteemed above those of the chicken, the duck, the pig and the sheep or even the cow. The scrawny hen had to have her ration of grain, but laid eggs only when the mood gripped her. Dressed out, she was hardly a full meal for one man, never enough for two. Roosters were composed of gun-metal drumsticks, shoe-leather breast meat, and the rest was mostly crow.

A pig is an intractable traveling companion. Families affluent enough to own cows or sheep were seldom in the van of the great western trek. But Leander and his wives were indispensable passengers in the Conestoga wagons and (Continued on page 52)

CHARLES C. ROYKIN—A.P.I.



Take a gander at the goose

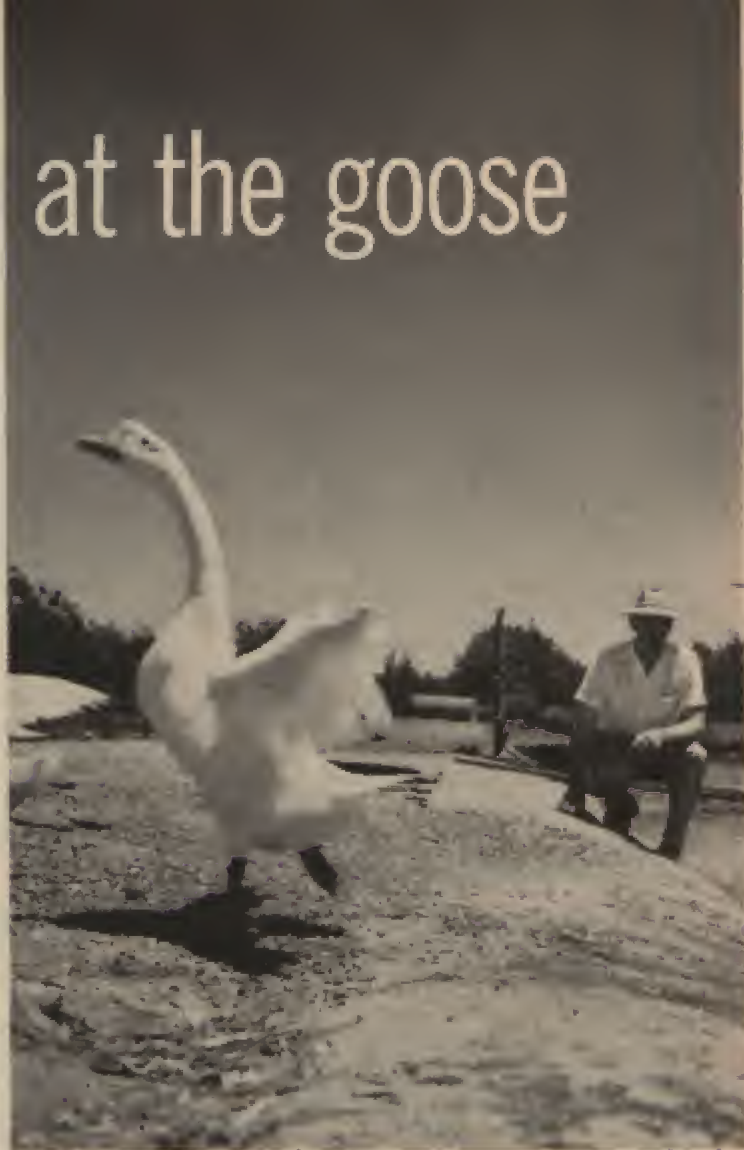
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CHARLES E. ROTKIN—R.F.L.



Could Dave come
back after five years out of the ring? It was too
late now for him to quit

FIRST DEFEAT

By **EDWARD LINN**

DAVE LENNOCK and his manager, Harley Wax, got out of the taxi in front of the state athletic commission's office.

"Before we go in there," Wax said, stopping at the head of the stairs, "it still isn't too late to call it off, Dave."

"It's too late," Dave said, walking on through the door. Three months ago was the time to tell him that not even Dave Lennox could come back after five years. But three months ago, Wax had been thinking of the money. Madge, Dave's wife, had, too.

Forget Madge, he thought, miserably. You have enough to worry about.

In a few minutes he'd be weighing in against Jake Geroux. At ten tonight, Geroux was going to start belting his brains out.

Jake was already in the commissioner's office, entertaining the inevitable circle of newspapermen. He was wearing a green plaid sport jacket; a light yellow sport shirt, open at the neck; and a pair of dark yellow slacks. He looked up when Dave came in but he kept right on with his act; laughing, gesturing, hooking with both hands, bobbing his blond head. Jake was only 23 but he already had the battered look of a fighter; the nose rounded off at the bridge from frequent breaks, the light eyebrows jutting abnormally from the growth of scar tissue underneath.

He was a popular boy—popular with the writers and popular with the fans. He was lucky, too. Hermie Weiss was his manager of record, but Jake was really house fighter for the Garden. That meant he got the prudent matches, the big end of the purse, and the big TV build-up. If Jake Geroux was only half-smart there'd be no comeback for him at 35.

"What I got to do?" Jake was saying. "I knock over everybody they put me in with and you guys keep writing 'Who has the bum beat?' Look, I don't mind you calling me a bum, but why don't you at least write that I'm the bum that beats all the other bums?"

"Because," one of the newspapermen said, "sometimes you don't."

Geroux started a mock left at him, then grinned:

"Well, nobody wins 'em all. Only Dave Lennox. Tell us how you beat 'em all, Dave."

He had beat them all, all right. He'd beat them on his legs. His strategy always had been to make the other guy miss, to punch only when he had an opening. He had gone 15 rounds against top challengers without stopping one solid punch. Pound for pound, he'd been the best. The best, he thought proudly, the very best. They couldn't take that away from him even after tonight.

The newspapermen had turned toward him reluctantly, the old hostility still there. He'd have liked to say something light, something funny. He'd have liked, for once, to break down an old barrier instead of build up a new one. He could have told them frankly that the only way to win them all was to get out of the racket when you found yourself going downhill. Like he had got out after the second Accardi fight.

Instead he said, "Let's stop the talking and get this over with."

"You got the right idea," Jake said, grimacing wisely. "Tomorrow I'll pick up the paper and read, 'The bum knocks out an old man.'" He shrugged again. "What I gotta do?"

"If you could fight like you can talk," Harley Wax snapped, "you wouldn't have to worry."

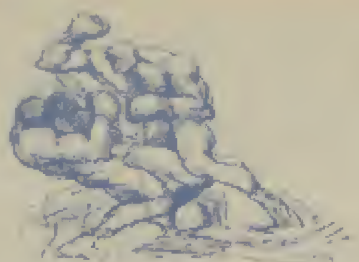
None of it meant anything. Dave knew that. Just the boys groping around for a couple of paragraphs that would look good in the papers. Dave knew he should play along with anything that might help the gate. That's what he'd come back for, wasn't it? Money. That's what Madge had been willing to see him get battered for.

Dr. James Reedy, the commission physician standing beside the scales, clapped his hands briskly. "All right," he said. "Let's get to it."

Jake was even bigger across the shoulders than he'd looked on TV. He had the perfect build for a fighter: a heavyweight across the chest and shoulders for power; a welter from the waist down for speed. The only thing he didn't have was brains. Or somebody to teach him how to fight. He'd been in against setups



First Defeat



and stiffs, and when it began to look too bad the promoters had dredged up Dave, an old-timer. It was worth 50 per cent of the purse to the promoters to have Jake become the first man ever to beat Dave Lennox; even an old, unwound Dave Lennox.

Jake weighed in at 157½; Dave at 160 even, the middleweight limit. He gained a full pound just driving down from the training camp. Oh, he was in great shape!

"Now wait a minute," Hermie Weiss said, looking for an angle. "I want a ringside weigh-in. This guy goes out now, eats a steak, and comes in at 161 or over. We signed to fight a middleweight not no light-heavy."

Wax spluttered indignantly to try to keep the thing alive, but Dave said, "You made your boy a good match, Weiss. Let it go at that."

"Better lay off him, Hermie," Jake said. "He's trained down to a fine edge. Always fear a fighter with an edge on, ain't that right, boys? Remember what the guy done to Augie Accardi."

NOBODY seemed to remember Dave for anything but the Accardi fights anymore, but that was only because he'd slowed down to where Accardi—a good, fast boy—had been able to catch him and force him to stand and fight. Accardi had been the only man ever to knock Dave down. Once in the first fight and twice in the second. Dave had fought back to score late knockouts both times, but the wear and tear had been tremendous on both of them.

Accardi had had to go to a hospital, and Madge and Wax had had no trouble convincing Dave that the time had come to call it a career. It was a funny thing, he thought now, how their solicitude had disappeared with their money.

Dave posed with Geroux across the scales, then dressed and rode back to his hotel with Harley Wax. The trip was made in heavy silence.

Later, still brooding, Dave lay with his head cradled in his interlocked hands, his legs crossed at the foot of the bed. Wax fidgeted at the edge of a straight-backed chair. At last he cleared his throat nervously, looked out the window, and asked:

"How far do you think you can carry him, Dave?" Dave had the

impression that Harley hadn't meant to put it exactly that way.

Dave closed his eyes and tried to recall Harley's exact words when the fight was offered to them, back there before they discovered what five years could do to a man's body, to his coordination, to his reflexes.

"Since when," he mimicked, "does Dave Lennox have to worry about a bum like Jake Geroux?"

Wax flushed, but otherwise he ignored it. "You'll do better than you think," he said. "Wait and see. I say you can go six, seven rounds easy."

Dave opened his eyes and fixed a who-do-you-think-you're-kidding look upon him. "I can't go one round easy."

"Six, seven rounds," Wax insisted. "If you save yourself. If you pick your spots. If you loaf."

"Jake is going to let me loaf," Dave snorted. "He's strong. He's young. He's one of the brave, happy bulls."

"That's what I'm getting at," Wax said eagerly. "If you stay away for six, seven rounds. . . ." He gestured aimlessly with both hands. "Maybe you'll have enough left to do it. But if he tags you early, Dave. . . . If he puts you down. . . ." He looked past Dave again, out the window. "Stay down! He's a bull, Dave, and you're 35. You don't shake off beatings at 35."

He needed Wax to tell him that!

"What are you worrying about, Harley?" he asked softly. "You got yourself a pay day. You'll shake off the beating all right."

Dave shut his eyes, glad it was out of his system at last. Yet at the same time, he was sorry. He heard the door open, then Wax's choked voice. "I'll see you in the dressing room." Then the slam of the door.

It had been a long road for him and Waxie. If they hadn't been as close as they might have been, it was his own fault. He had held Harley off like he had held off the newspapermen and the fans. Like he had held everybody off but Madge.

And after what he'd said to Madge in that last, painful call from the training camp, she was probably gone, too. He lay back and thought of her, wanting to call and straighten things out, but telling himself that it was up to her to make the first

move. They had always had a rule that she was not to come to any of his fights or call him once he hit the last week of training, but this time she should be able to see that it was different. He needed her.

For Dave was dimly aware that what was gnawing at him was not so much the thought of the beating he was going to take as the frightening realization that his ability as a fighting man—the only real ability or identification he had ever had—was gone. That a defeated Dave Lennox would not be the same man as an undefeated Dave Lennox.

He sensed, too, that he had deliberately alienated Madge and Wax to show them—and thereby convince himself—that he needed no man's pity and no woman's comfort.

It was just beginning to dawn on him that he was using Madge and Wax as scapegoats on whom to heap all his fears and bitterness. If they had deluded themselves into thinking that he could really take Jake; if they had let themselves be bemused by wishful thinking—well, hadn't he let himself be deluded and bemused, too? He ached to call her but could only lie there alone and wait for the time to come to leave for the Garden.

HARLEY WAX was waiting in the dressing room with Al Mirror, who'd helped train Dave, and Doc Constable. Harley turned his back when Dave came in and pretended he was busy with the gloves. Doc had worked many a Lennox fight, but always from the opposite corner. That was only natural since Doc was the best cut-man in the business. It seemed just as natural that he should be in Dave's corner tonight.

"Al tells me you don't cut," Doc said, peering into Dave's face professionally.

"Not much," Dave said, studying Harley's bent back. "Harley can tell you."

"Nobody I worked ever hit you enough to cut," Doc said. He ran his thumbs roughly across both eyebrows. "No scar tissue?"

"I never been cut around the eyes either," Dave said. "Harley can tell you."

Harley laid Dave's trunks and bathrobe across the rubbing table and muttered that he was going over to Jake's dressing room to inspect the bandaging.

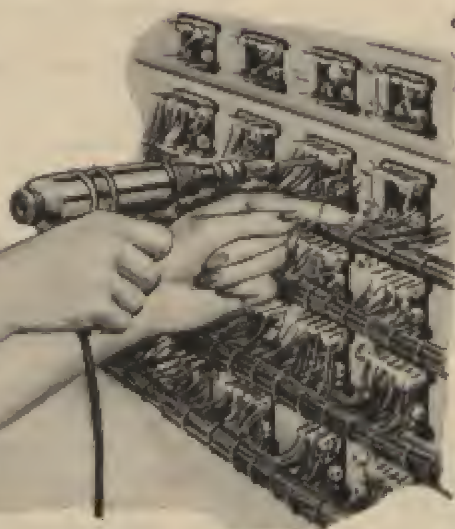
IT WAS a good house; close to a sell-out. Come to see the slaughter, Dave thought grimly.

He danced around in his corner, trying to loosen himself up, while the usual collection of fighters, old and new, were being introduced. When a tremendous cheer arose, Dave

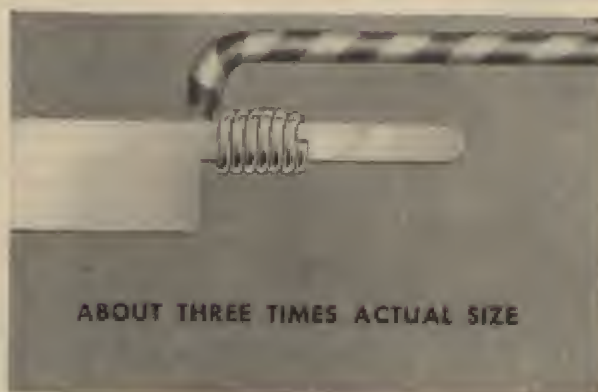


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A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

looked toward the center of the ring, expecting to see Louis or Dempsey. Instead he saw Augie Accardi walking toward him. Accardi threw both hands around his neck and the crowd roared.

"You'll show him, Dave, huh?" he shouted, only a little thickly. "Give it to him like you give it to me, huh? We'll show 'em how we old-timers used to do it."

"Sure," Dave said. "We old-timers."

Dave got a warm reception when he was introduced, better than Jake. He told himself they were only rooting for him to last long enough to give them their money's worth, but he knew it was something more than that.

At the sound of the bell he automatically looked to Harley Wax for the usual last second encouragement, but Harley was on his way down the apron steps. Al Mirror said, "Stay away from him, Dave. Away. . ."

He moved out stiffly. The hot lights laid a soft film of heat over his body, but inside he was cold. Geroux came in low, weaving, his chin tucked behind his left shoulder. He threw a wide left hook to the body, and Dave, reacting slowly, barely got his elbow down in time to take a little of the steam off it.

He backed off and tried to jab Geroux with his left. His timing was off as it had been all during training. Geroux slipped past it and bulled him into the ropes, leaning his weight heavily against him. Dave followed him out when they were broken, laying in close and low so that the heavy, ponderous hooks could only catch him, half spent, upon the small of the back.

He still couldn't loosen up his punching so he abandoned offense and set out to save himself. He got up on his toes and danced in and out, bouncing to one side, faking a punch, then backing off and drifting over to the other side. Jake caught him once with a hard left hook to the body.

Dave got through the round, but felt listless when he went back to his corner.

The second round started the same way; Dave, cold and stiff, boxing away the time. Toward the end of the round, Jake caught him in a corner and drove a hard right to the mouth. Dave hit back sharply with left and right.

The blows, both the giving and the taking, seemed to break up the glacier inside him. He could feel the coldness melt away and the warmth spread quickly in behind it.

In the third round he began to sweat. He felt himself moving more easily. He dropped into the old pat-

tern: bobbing, weaving, drifting with a punch. His sharp left jab came back—his meal ticket. He had only to wish it in, and there it was, splattering off Jake's face. He handled Jake easily in the clinches, catching Jake's forearms between his own arms and body or—when his arms were caught inside Jake's—pulling them out to form a shield.

The fourth was the same. Dave still moved easily during the fighting, realizing only at the end of the round that he was getting tired. But it was a satisfying sort of tiredness. I've still got it, he gloated. I can take this guy.

His corner was beginning to sense his confidence. The initial doubtfulness had given way to disbelief and, finally, to unconcealed excitement. Al Mirror washed out Dave's mouth, then kneaded his shoulder muscles while Doc Constable worked over his thighs and legs. Only Harley Wax hung back, saying nothing.

In the fifth, Dave moved out smoothly, making Jake miss and tying him up in the clinches. He was



setting his own pace, moving just enough to keep Jake from getting in with a solid smash. He kept up his ceaseless left jabs, belted Jake with uppercuts to the body as he moved in, then shifted to rights to the head as he moved away.

The scar tissue opened up over both of Jake's eyes, and his cockiness seemed to leak out with his blood. His face was wrinkled up both because he was puzzled and because he was trying to keep the blood from trickling into his eyes.

In the middle of the round, Dave feinted with a left jab, faked with a right hook, then stepped back. Jake, faked off balance twice, lunged forward awkwardly with a right, and Dave, working instinctively, turned him by the elbow so that he bounced off the ropes flush into a hard right. The crowd laughed but Dave knew he had made a mistake.

Jake, furious at being made to look so bad, came charging at him, head down, flailing away with both hands. Dave tried to backpedal, but wasn't fast enough. Jake caught him, bulled him across the ring and threw him through the ropes. Haggerty, the referee, had to pull Jake away.

Jake stormed after Dave the rest

of the round, plastering him to the body. Dave was pinned in Jake's corner, holding on, at the bell.

In the sixth, his leg muscles began to tie up just enough so that he couldn't get completely out of the way of Jake's lunging body punches. His arms were weary, and his punches were losing speed and power. Jake stalked him around the ring.

As they came out of a clinch, Jake came up with his head and bounced it off Dave's forehead. Dave saw a flash of white and felt the sting of a clean cut.

Jake extended both gloves as an apology, but the fans booed.

As they met again near Dave's corner, he brought up a right, then another as the bell sounded. Both landed. Jake, concentrating on pounding his left to Dave's body whenever he got in close, was offering absolutely no protection to the right side of his own head. Dave filed that intelligence away for future reference.

Harley Wax, finally aroused, screamed to the referee to take the round away from Jake. Doc Constable deftly closed the cut on Dave's forehead.

The bell rang and both men moved to the center of the ring. Dave tested the right to Jake's head again. He still had no defense for it.

Dave drove his right to the head, followed it up with three more. Jake took them all and dug his own left hook into Dave's body. Neither gave ground.

They slipped into clinches, broke of their own accord and hammered away at each other.

The Garden was a bedlam. Jake slammed his punches in, while Dave, gasping for breath, slipped them wearily.

Neither man heard the bell over the uproar. The referee jumped in and separated them.

Dave dragged himself back to his corner, his right side red and pounding. Harley Wax spoke his first word to Dave that night. "Sucker!" he said.

"What's a matter?" Al Mirror said. "He's going great."

"Yeah," Harley said. "Jake is. He'll give us that head all night for a crack at the body. Only it won't take him more than another round. Stay away. Hear me? Away!"

In the eighth, Dave tried to stay away. Like Harley said, his punches didn't have the sting to hurt Jake any more, but they kept him wary and off balance.

When it looked as if Jake was beginning to catch on, Dave moved in close, threw a couple of rights to the head and took a couple of hard shots to his sore ribs in return. Then he

moved back out and let Jake hope he'd come in again.

He looked up at the big clock over the ring and saw there were only 30 seconds to go. A little rally here and he'd sew up the round. He unleashed a barrage at the head, using mostly lefts so that he could hold his right as protection against Jake's powerful left.

He saw Jake's looping right, though, in plenty of time to bring up his shoulder or ride with the punch or, probably, even beat Jake to the punch with a left jab of his own. But somehow he didn't do any of these things. He hit the canvas just as the bell rang.

Dave came to on the stool with Doc Constable's face peering down at him. He tried to shake the roar out of his head, then realized it was the sound of the crowd.

I had it in my hands, he thought. I had it in my hands and blew it. He could have wept.

Dr. Reddy's face swam above him. "What's your name?" the big, loose mouth shouted. Reddy bent his ear next to Dave's mouth, and Dave said, "My name is Reddy. I vote the right ticket so they call me a doctor and let me into fights for free."

Reddy jerked himself away furiously and shouted, "This guy is too mean to get hurt, Wax. I'm not going to stop it."

Wax bent over Dave, placed his hands against his sides and began to work them up and down, gently and rhythmically, as if he were administering artificial respiration. The life coursed back into Dave's legs and he began to pound them up and down on the canvas.

"Let's stop it here," Wax was pleading. "You gave them a great fight. . . . You showed them. . . ."

"I'm gonna win it," Dave said. I could have, he thought. Maybe I still can.

"You're gonna kill yourself. You can't win it any more, Dave. He's got you on points."

"Al," Dave said. "Can I win it?"

Al looked from Dave to Harley and back to Dave. He didn't say anything.

Doc Constable said, "I figure you got a great chance if you can hold up. I figure you to win. Work on those eyes."

"I had to hire this undertaker," Harley moaned.

The ten-second warning buzzer sounded, but Harley remained, working Dave's diaphragm up and down, trying to do half his breathing for him. When the bell rang, he lifted Dave up, pulled the stool away and scrambled down the steps.

Dave used every trick he'd ever

learned to last out the round. He turned the wrong way at the bell, but Wax leaped into the ring and led him to his corner.

Dave, resting in his corner, realized that a hush had fallen over the Garden, as if every person there were silently praying for him to go the distance. He realized how tenderly Al Mirror and Doc Constable were working over him.

There was only one thing missing, and he was beginning to get a hunch about that.

Harley stayed at the buzzer again. "Stay away," he was chanting insensibly. "Stay away, away, away."

"Harley," Dave said. "Madge is out there, isn't she?"

Harley nodded his head without stopping the chant: "Stay away, Dave. Stay away."

He walked, flat-footed, out into the center of the ring, touched gloves with Jake, and, still flat-footed, threw a right at the blond head. Jake, who had expected Dave to backpedal again, lunged into him. Instead of clinching, Dave pushed him off and sent right after right at him, putting all his dwindling strength into each punch.

For the realization had seeped into his head that growing old only meant that you needed your friends' affection and forbearance. And he knew, as he hammered at Jake's head, that this was something each man must discover as he had discovered it—out of loneliness and pain.

The astonished Geroux looked frantically to his corner, then began firing his left to the body again. Little by little Dave's legs buckled and, slowly, against his will, his right began to come down to protect his ribs from the pounding. Jake stepped back and swung his left, short, to Dave's head. It caught him just beneath the ear. He followed with a right, aimed at the jaw, but with Dave already on the way down, it caught him on the top of the head.

The referee stopped counting at six, flattened his arms out over Dave's body and signaled his corner to come and get him.

Jake got there first. He helped carry Dave to the corner and stayed until Dave came to.

Only then did Jake go out to have his arm raised in victory. He got a polite cheer, but everybody was up on his feet waiting for Dave to leave the ring.

When he got off his stool the roar was deafening. Harley, Al and Doc all helped him through the ropes.

He walked down slowly. As he got to the bottom step he could see Madge fighting her way toward him.

Dave Lennox, defeated for the first time, went to meet her. **END**



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WESTERN UNION

Take a Gander at the Goose

(Continued from page 45)

the prairie schooners, along with that other unsung hero of the homestead days—the cat.

The cat went along to keep field mice from purloining the painfully harvested grain. The goose required no grain at all, except meager handfuls in the dead of winter. He asked no shelter, squatting in the snow on the lee side of the claim shack. But he rewarded his owners with feathers for their beds; his rendered fat was salubrious shortening and a substitute for butter. Externally applied, goose grease was considered a sovereign remedy for colds, coughs and bronchial wheezes.

Goose meat was a welcome change from a steady diet of game. Venison was dry; moose was more so; bear was gamy, and wild waterfowl tasted "sort of foolish" if you had to eat it regularly.

The goose was seemingly immune to disease and able to fend for himself against most predatory animals. Other domestic critters succumbed to the pip or the heaves. Vermin laid in wait for chicks and piglets, but a coyote was likely to steer 'way around a grown gander. When infuriated, Leander could break the beast's neck with a blow of his wing.

The cagey fox and wilier wolf knew that latching on to a goose was the rough equivalent of trying to lug away a greased callopie in full blast. The dogs would be on them before they could throttle Leander and get a grip on his roly-poly carcass. Indeed, the goose spelled the dogs on sentry duty. Rover knew the geese would rouse him out at any unusual sound in the night.

Small wonder, then, that a pen of geese was included in the dowry of every bride. The poorest family contrived to give the girl at least a pair. Leander was top bird of the farmyard.

Then came the industrial revolution. It gave agriculture a vast new market. As the chicken and its eggs became cash crops, poultry breeders doubled the egg production of the pullet and put tender meat on the bones of her brother, the cockerel. The dairy cow needed the pasture on which the goose had foraged, and as a producer of ready cash in the form of milk and cream, she had priority. Families dwindled in size, and a roast goose became a formidable-looking entree. Medical science pooh-poohed the therapeutic claims for goose grease. Feathers lost their charm as central heating came along.

Quill writing is pretty, but tedious, and another market for the by-products of the goose virtually collapsed when etiquette frowned on the toothpick.

But Leander had kept one webfoot in the stream of the future. For years, we had leaned on Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia for down and feathers, those three nations supplying 85 per cent of our needs at a reasonable figure. Came the spring of 1950, and the price floated up on the wind from Korea. Files of the late Office of Price Stabilization reveal that these Kremlin-controlled nations were not primarily interested in prices. They were bartering down and feathers for industrial materials subject to United States embargo. Then Red China slapped an embargo on duck feathers,



sometimes used in substitute for goose feathers.

At that point, Leander took a new lease on life. OPS had a ceiling price of \$8 a pound on prime down. Spokesmen for the goose-raising fraternity, which is still a mighty small one, are predicting a steady market for prime down at \$8.50 per pound, regardless of what happens in the hot-and-cold running war.

One of these spokesmen is Dean Stahmann of Las Cruces, N. Mex., who cheerfully predicts he will be making \$125,000 a year from his geese "as soon as I really get going."

He's doing all right at the moment.

Mr. Stahmann, an engineer by training, was a pecan and cotton grower. He still is, but so much in the goose business today that his flock looks—from a distance—like a white and undulating sea. He is running 7,500 breeders, and during the laying season last spring they were producing 3,300 eggs a day. His incubators were bringing off a daily hatch of 2,200 goslings.

Mr. Stahmann sells the goslings to other cotton planters at 70 cents each. At the end of the cotton grow-

ing season, he buys them back. The goslings are now ten-pound adolescent geese.

Everybody's happy. The cotton grower has had his fields weeded for free by original "wet backs" who involve him in no unpleasant legal complications whatever, foreign or domestic, which can't be said of all stoop labor. Mr. Stahmann runs the birds through his own processing plant and markets them at eviscerated weights of about eight pounds. He's content with a 20-cent profit per bird, and housewives have been snapping them up.

His take from goose down and feathers is virtually velvet. The golden egg fairy tale has become reality for him.

But hold up! Don't sell the abstract business right away. Be in no hurry to mortgage those retirement checks. A paying goose operation takes a husky capital investment in birds and land. You need a minimum of one acre of grassland for each 25 birds, and 15 birds to the acre is better.

Last year you could buy mature, run-of-the-flock breeding stock at about \$10 a pair. This year producers were getting \$4.40 for one little started goose, which means a feathered-out gosling. Started geese from the more superior strains were offered at \$13 each and baby goslings at \$10.50. Medium-priced hatching eggs were 85 cents each.

But what's money? The big problem in the goose game is getting, along with Leander. This is not easy. You can forget all that nonsense about the "silly goose." You can forget history. A more sagacious bird never let himself be trapped into domesticity, but his virtues are balanced by stubbornness and a highly nervous disposition. Leander is mighty sot in his ways.

The goose hasn't changed much since his noisy gabbles saved ancient Rome from a sacking by the Goths. He likes peace and quiet but is unconcerned about yours. You are expected to walk quietly and hush up in his majestic presence. If he chooses to make the night hideous with banshee music, it is none of your business. Leander is not recommended as a chum for impatient people with a tendency to blow their tops. He thinks the right to sound off belongs to him alone, and he is never in a hustle. Why should he be?

A Leander of my personal acquaintance was 20 years old when I was ten, and he's still going strong. Managing Editor Durell Davis of the authoritative *Poultry Tribune* has a record of a goose who was killed at the age of 101 in a fight with a horse. With such a life span, the

goose has no special interest in the multiplication table. A modern hen will rattle out 240 eggs a year, but she's a hag at the age of three. Mama Goose may lay about 30 eggs her first year, 40 or 50 for the next five years and then perhaps a yearly clutch right up to 50 or older.

If there's one thing Papa Goose resents, it is interference with his family life. The wild goose is monogamous, while domesticated Leander is polygamous, but not promiscuous like the chicken and the turkey. He prefers to pick his own bevy of wives and entertains strong notions against separation from them.

Maybe he'll marry up with the brides that you choose for him, but just as likely, he will give you a go-to-hell sneer and spend the rest of his life in monastic meditation.

Unless you're a semiauthority, you can't even tell Mama Goose from Papa Goose.

The Pilgrim goose is the sole exception to the look-alike rule. Papa Pilgrim is white with blue eyes; Mama is gray and white with dark, hazel eyes, but the Pilgrim is more of a show bird than a working stiff—rare and costly.

Dean Stahmann raises the White Chinese goose, a trim bird with the appearance of a small swan. He swears by its laying ability and comparative fertility. Besides, it produces white feathers which the market prefers to colored ones.

One bird will yield a third to a half pound of down and feathers; but here's a gimmick that you may know as common knowledge, though a surprising host of people don't:

The taxpayer is the only bird that can be plucked successfully every year!

You can't have your goose and pluck it more than once, and that is only when it has passed to its reward. Once upon a time, live plucking was a common practice, but folks discovered that it didn't pay. More often than not, it ruined the goose. Besides, we grew more chicken-hearted. Today, the SPCA would be down on you like a duck on a June bug if you live-plucked a goose within its jurisdiction, while associated humane societies all around the country are set to sick the law on you if the growing goose business develops any trade practices unfair to Leander's civil rights.

After all—some old Leander grew the quills that wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and his descendants of today are firm believers that the principles contained therein apply to geese as well as people.

END



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You're driving along on light-colored concrete at night. Suddenly you pass onto a dark pavement. Your heart leaps. You can't see. Are your headlights out?

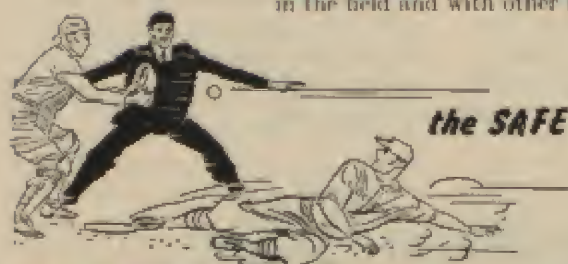
You slow down. You're thankful nothing happened in those few seconds of blackout.

You're driving on a wet, dark-surfaced road. A child darts out. You slam on the brakes but the wheels don't grab. Your stomach falls as you skid helplessly.

It's a relief to get on concrete again. You know its gritty surface will grip your tires and hold, wet or dry.

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Letters

The Army way, right!

In "Letters to the Editor" in the June issue of *NATION'S BUSINESS*, Caroline K. Kenworthy tells of a friend who graduated from Radio Electronics Institute, Philadelphia, and was assigned to Airborne Infantry after induction into the Army.

This does not apply to all. My son graduated from the institute and after working a year repairing radios and television sets, was inducted into the Army and placed in the Signal Corps.

He is now going to radar school. There he met a Philadelphia boy who studied radio with him at the institute.

I believe this proves that the Army places some of the boys in the field for which they were trained.

DOROTHY E. LOWNES
King of Prussia, Pa.

Mass or mess?

"Mass Transportation or Mess" by Sam Stavisky covers very pertinent points concerning the present situation in the transit industry and local conditions affecting city transportation.

We feel that it would be helpful to bring the article forcefully to the attention of those on our educational list. We would, therefore, appreciate permission to reprint. . . .

H. C. KIHNEMAN, JR.
Shreveport Railways Company
Shreveport, La.

And similar requests from:

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Hammond, Ind.
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Charlotte, N. C.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Lynchburg, Va.
Richmond, Va.
Madison, Wis.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Rochester, N. Y.

Put to good use

Thank you very much for sending me the 50 tear sheets on "Speech for the Silent." I passed them on to the parents of the boy thus afflicted and they are very grateful and I'm sure they will be put to good use.

MRS. E. E. MATTHEWS
Albany, N. Y.

No patents for explorers

My attention has been drawn to Hawthorne Daniel's article "Age of Discovery—Now" [March].

One statement is: "There is, un-

TO THE EDITOR

fortunately, no clearinghouse for information about activities of explorers." This is an unfortunate circumstance in the United States and has been the reason that many explorers, coming upon a bona fide discovery, will take such a discovery out of the United States. Actual and bona fide natural discoveries are not patentable in the United States, and the explorer tends to lose not only his rights, but any chance of recovering on his investment.

G. FRANCIS NAUHEIMER
Gloria Research Institute
Chicago, Ill.

Puerto Rico is interested

This is to request permission to reprint in Spanish in our *Boletín de Gerencia Administrativa* the excellent article entitled "The Man Who Analyzed work," by Roger Burlingame [Nov. 1950].

JORGE FELICES
Office of the Governor
Puerto Rico

Engineer at liberty

In the article "The Roads We Could Have Bought" (Dec. 1952) I noticed the statement: "There is a shortage of 4,400 engineers, 5,400 engineering assistants, in the state highway departments."

There is a young Danish civil engineer who has been working here in Godthaab for the past year and who may be interested in emigrating to the United States in 1953 or 1954. His main field is road and bridge construction although he has had little opportunity to practice it in Greenland. He has asked me what I thought his chances would be of getting work within a reasonable time after arriving in the United States. He realizes, of course, that no one can be assured of a job in any profession but would like to know in advance, if possible, of any restrictions affecting his chances to work as an engineer.

I would appreciate any information you could furnish.

WAYNE W. FISHER
American Vice Consul
Godthaab, Greenland

The stopping place

The right to organize is surely in order but it should stop with this and there should be no further assist by permitting either a union shop or a closed shop.

Nationwide bargaining has gotten us in so deep that I wonder what the outcome will be.

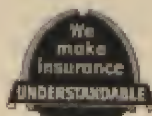
RICHARD A. FROEHLINGER
Baltimore, Md.



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*Executives take over for a day.
R. M. Averill, left, and J. H. Carmichael handle some freight*

BRASS IN COVERALLS

WHILE achieving success most businessmen have inwardly wished that their bosses would have to follow them around for just one day—that would show them who was really running the business.

One of the country's leading businessmen, J. H. (Slim) Carmichael, president of Capital Airlines, hasn't forgotten those inward longings. Today he has an agreement with each of the airline's 75 stations that if any one meets or exceeds its established quota for 12 successive months, the employees in that station will get a day off while the "brass" from the home office in Washington, D. C., takes over their duties.

On arrival of officials from Washington, top titles go tumbling for a day. Coveralls are donned. The president becomes a baggage boy while one of the vice presidents assumes the role of operations man or ticket or reservations agent. The vice president in charge of traffic and sales, James S. Austin, sells tickets when he isn't watering pups being shipped over the line. The man next to him, wheeling a cart, may be Robert M. Averill or Jennings Randolph, assistants to the president.

Phones buzz while schedules are studied for answers to the inquiring public who may not realize the sometimes slower response is due to "inexperienced" help. It has been some time since the headquarters people had to recall immediately the exact arrival of Flight 901 from Washington and what connection that flight made for Kansas City.

Of course, there are a few minor errors at the end of the day, such as a bag landing in Pittsburgh instead of Norfolk, or a passenger landing

in New York while his baggage spends the night in New Orleans. Nevertheless, this faithful help doesn't leave the station until everything is back in order, including sweeping the floor.

These slight blunders have won this "brass brigade" the praiseworthy title of "wrecking crew." Usually the victorious employees, instead of taking the day off for fishing or a movie, stick around to enjoy the shortcomings of their superiors.

While passing through a station when this operation is in effect, the traveling public is not aware that the man dressed in coveralls loading luggage and toting tons of other baggage is the president of the company.

A glance into Mr. Carmichael's background will explain his success in pulling this company out of a \$3,500,000 indebtedness in 1947 when he took over the presidency to its present money-making status. Uniting the 4,000 employees behind him has been his goal. Beginning his flying career many years ago during the barnstorming era of the industry, he progressed until he headed his firm.

Employees call him "Slim" and are not afraid to discuss their local problems with him, especially after he has been in the harness himself for a day. At the end of such a day a banquet is held where officials once again revert to their correct status.

The "grapevine" in an airline is swift, and even though the "wrecking crew" was in, say, Charleston, W. Va., yesterday, employees in Milwaukee know today everything that happened. Morale soars, handling baggage again is less an arduous job.

—JO STEPHENS



MINIATURE BOOKS SAVE TWO COOKS

BECAUSE their essential raw materials were impossible to get, Ruth and Richard Rosen, a young New York City husband-and-wife team, today own a unique and successful business.

The paradoxical story began in 1950, when Ruth Rosen tired of thumbing through cookbooks stained and splattered to the point of unreadability. It was her idea to compile and print recipes on plasticized 3½"x5" cards that could be wiped clean with a damp cloth. Her husband added the idea of packaging the cards in a plastic file box.

Operating out of their living room and part of a small loft, Richard Rosen Associates set up shop. But after \$8,000 had been invested in two plastic molds, the Korean war started, and all of the type of plastic needed was earmarked for defense.

The Rosens were left with 100,000 printed sets of recipes, two carloads of paper, and a lot of bills. To get rid of the inventory and help cut the loss, they invested in a batch of spiral binders, punched holes in their recipe cards and collated them into miniature "books."

The first buyer they approached ordered all they had made up. When other buyers reacted with equal enthusiasm, the Rosens bought more paper and binders, and went into national distribution.

Today the firm has sold almost 2,000,000 books through gift, department and stationery stores. Repeat sales provide a steady and continuous volume. New titles have been added to the "Handy Aid Books" line. Joining the original "Epicurean Guide" have been books on mixed drinks, salads, hors d'oeuvres, foreign cookery, outdoor cooking, urban farming, and a diet guide.

Both excellent cooks themselves, the Rosens prepare and kitchen-test all their recipes, and write the books as well as run the business end of their enterprise.

—NORMAN M. LOBENZ

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\$1,500,000 Parking Space

(Continued from page 40)

the loan and the bonds. Under the terms of the lease, he could next earn \$25,000 a year for himself. After that he agreed to split his profits 50-50 with the corporation, until the loans and the bonds were paid off. With the indebtedness gone, he was to split 50-50 with the city, ultimate owner of the garage as well as the park. The 100 shares of common stock were presented by Mr. Wall to Mayor Angelo Rossi for the city in 1941.

Voluble Andy Pansini was the right man to run this giant garage. To him, parking cars is the greatest business on earth, and the Union Square garage is the greatest parking lot in the world.

"I've got my heart in this garage," he told me. "I even buy flowers for the lobby. Everybody catches the beauty and the atmosphere. That's why it is so successful."

It wasn't always that way—\$38,000 was lost the first year, just as local garagemen predicted.

Born in southern Italy, Andrew Pansini, at 17, followed an older brother to America. He sold groceries on a route in Long Island, attended night school, married the boss' bookkeeper, Katherine Hoffman, then worked for a milk company in Montclair, N. J. He saved his dollars and later bought a dairy, which he sold in 1917 before migrating to California to buy an orange grove.

"I love oranges," he explains. "Now I have 23 acres of oranges around my home. Look at me. When I come from Italy, I am nothing; now I make more than the President of the United States. Where else could I do that?"

He was able to do it largely because he has a knack for detecting opportunities. In his spare time while working for a creamery in Los Angeles, he took tourists sight-seeing in his own car, making money while he studied the town. Recognizing that it was becoming increasingly hard to park in downtown Los Angeles, which is a city on wheels, he leased two vacant lots and started his own parking system—the Savoy.

Within a year, he was making money. Then came an expansion program that grew into a chain of 150 parking lots in Los Angeles and Hollywood. Parking scrip books at

\$5 a copy were offered to merchants and professional men who bought them by the thousands for their patrons. Mr. Pansini now had 475 employees and by 1929 was doing a \$1,000,000-a-year business.

The depression caught him, like it did so many others. His lots almost empty, he called a meeting of his 70 landlords.

"Pansini always pays his bills," he told them, after explaining his predicament. "But if he goes broke you lose the rent."

The landlords saw the point and



"OK, so I'm late. At least I'm dressed"

gave him a new deal. Mr. Pansini cut back to 28 key parking lots, began to build up his business again. By 1938 he was affluent enough to buy a valuable 60-foot lot on Grand Avenue, across from the Biltmore Hotel. On it he built a \$250,000 four-story concrete garage with stalls for 250 cars.

This is his idea of a model downtown garage, the type that will ultimately solve the parking problem in scores of American cities, he says. In it he has proved many of the ideas later used so successfully in Union Square garage in San Francisco. The most important was the scheme of charging 50 cents for the first three hours and 25 cents an hour after that.

"That gives the shopper a chance to shop without being soaked," he says. "A woman can do a lot of

shopping in three or four hours." Both at his Los Angeles Savoy Garage and in the San Francisco Union Square garage, he caters, he says, to women who need a landing strip. He discourages commuters who leave their cars all day. In the evening, if they want to come in and park for a dinner or theater party, that's different. But the in-and-out patrons, the people who have business with the merchants, the restaurateurs, the ticket offices, the professional men in the surrounding office buildings are the sought-after.

His dream garage for downtown Los Angeles, which now has a parking lot under Pershing Square (not a Pansini operation), is an expansion of his Grand Avenue Savoy garage into a 1,000-car layout with a helicopter landing strip on the roof to take care of air commuters. These, he predicts, will be a problem one day.

He had just licked the technique of parking cars fast in his Los Angeles garage when the Union Square garage was completed in 1942. He took over at a time when war industries had swallowed up the manpower in the area. To meet his needs he employed 80 young women to park the cars, dressing them in snappy uniforms. He managed largely with womanpower until the war ended, when the men took over, except in the cashiers' booths and in the office. In the second year of operation he cut his losses, and in the third year demonstrated how to make parking cars pay.

"The way I figure, I make an industry of parking cars, which was a business still in converted livery stables when I came along," he says.

At Union Square nothing is neglected. For example, a car washing rack, with spray nozzles that lower from the ceiling was installed. In 1952 the garage earned \$99,000 washing and polishing cars. A \$30,000 servicing rack with hoses that pull down from the ceiling to feed lubricants under pressure brought in \$89,000. Attendants always offer to "fill 'er up" when they issue parking tickets. Their gas and oil sales in 1952 totaled \$270,000. Batteries, tubes, tires, and accessories brought in \$14,000. Parking fees paid by the 968,000 motorists who use the garage ran the grand total up to \$1,243,000 for the year.

For a long time, Mr. Pansini's ambition was to do a \$1,000,000 business in a single garage in a single year. Now that he has passed that

goal at Union Square, he has a new one, namely, to handle 1,000,000 cars in a year. To do that, his people have to move cars in and out fast. The record for a day is 5,000 cars. The top movement for an hour is 500 cars. Even during the period of peak load, around five p.m. after matinees let out and afternoon shoppers stack up, the flood of cars moves without confusion.

Between the two lanes of incoming and the two lanes of outgoing cars is a spacious lobby with leather seats for 50 patrons. The garage has four entrances and exits on four streets, but only the two coming in to the lobby level are used by the parking public. Above the lobby is a reception room with seats, rest rooms, and a checkroom.

OVER the hustling scene, Mr. Pansini keeps a sharp watch, looking for ways to get cars in and out faster or make the spic-and-span garage "more beautiful." To cut down time wasted in arguments about scraped fenders, a somewhat rare occurrence in the garage, he had the round support columns of the garage wrapped with bands of soft rubber. If there was a rubber mark on the fender, the garage paid without argument. A laundry in the garage provides free a clean uniform for each employee every morning.

The brass firehouse poles and the belt lift used by attendants to get down to the cars in a hurry and get back up again are sometimes a problem when customers with an after-party glow take a notion to ride them and land in a heap at the bottom. He finally had to have the poles and the belt lift fenced off. A station wagon is kept in the garage, partly to take visiting firemen on the tour of the four floors; partly to take over-indulged patrons home. If a customer looks as if he might be a risk on the highway, he's driven home. His car stays in the garage.

The garage's amazing financial success has been a surprise to most people. After it had demonstrated its earning power, the Crocker First National Bank bought up the \$850,000 RFC loan and issued six per cent debentures, so the Government no longer had money in the enterprise. The debentures will be amortized within two years instead of by 1960, as originally planned, there being only \$180,000 worth outstanding. The six per cent bonds taken by the surrounding merchants and property owners will be paid off by 1961.

Besides paying off all of the obligations ahead of time, Mr. Pansini has been earning a bonus of \$69,000 in addition to the \$25,000 allowed before splitting with the garage cor-

poration. From 1961, when the corporation will be liquidated, its job done, he will split \$300,000 a year with the city until 1967, when his lease is up. After that it is anybody's guess what will happen, because many large garage outfits in town would like to take over the parking concession.

The city fathers, once dubious about the venture, wish they had more garages under other parks. Some time ago they asked Mr. Wall to head a committee of citizens to see if similar self-liquidating parking strips could be built under St. Mary's and City Hall parks. Mr. Wall's conclusion was that St. Mary's Park was a possibility, since it adjoined the financial district. Plans are underway to build this garage. It will be primarily a place for businessmen to park their cars all day. Both Mr. Wall and Mr. Pansini think that smaller garages with two stories underground and two above the main floor entrance lobby are a better answer to metropolitan parking problems.

"You've got to have a garage within three blocks of all the downtown business sections in every city," says Mr. Pansini. "There is almost always a one- or two-story old-fashioned building which is a sleeper and which could be torn down and replaced with a modern garage. But don't let it look like a garage; make it look like a hotel—a hotel for cars. People like showmanship."

AFTER the Union Square garage became a success, so many people wanted to know how it ran that a booklet had to be published explaining the operation. Mayors of many metropolitan centers, among them London, Victoria, Lima, Buenos Aires, and nearly every large American city sought advice on how to cure their downtown parking headaches.

Mr. Pansini thinks the answer is the same for big, medium and small-sized cities, namely, a series of 250-car garages, costing about \$600,000. These could be financed by merchants and property owners within three or four blocks of the garage, and could be self-liquidating within 20 to 25 years.

"In a big city, an association of merchants ought to be able to put up \$1,000,000, and property owners a like sum," says Mr. Pansini. "You've got enough money to build three garages. After that your garage company could keep on building out of earnings and still pay everybody back at six per cent. You'd keep your city where it grew and maintain property values. It is one of the best business opportunities that exists."

END

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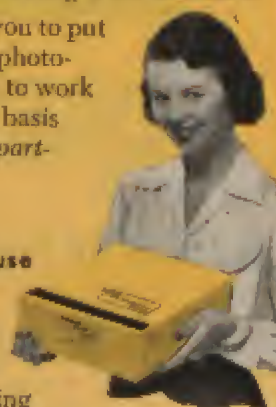
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the profit column

By **RICHARD GEHMAN**

EVER since the first manufacturer put up the first suggestion box and told his workers to go ahead and tell him how to run his business, executives have been experimenting with various plans for cooperation between management and the working force.

Many of these plans have embodied profit-sharing systems as incentive for increased worker cooperation. In some plants, systems of this kind have been in successful operation for decades; in others, they have been used for a time and then discarded as unworkable.

During World War II there was a flurry of activity when the War Production Board urged the formation of labor-management committees to step up production; by 1945 there were 5,000 such committees, and in 1948, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that "several hundred" such groups were still functioning in organizations ranging in size from 15 employees to 40,000.

New plans, some of them devised by managers for their own use, some of them by outside management consultants, are constantly being introduced and put into operation—a sign, according to many labor experts, of the gradual ascent to maturity of labor-management relations. Among the most effective of the

plans that have arisen since the end of the war is one which has been tried out in 70-odd small and medium-sized industrial plants scattered about the country. It bears a jaw-breaking title: "Labor-Management Production Committees' Savings-Sharing Plan." Most of its advocates, however, prefer to call it the Scanlon Plan, after the man who conceived it, Joseph N. Scanlon, now a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The best way to describe the Scanlon Plan is to show it in action. At Brownsmith Toys, Inc., an eastern manufacturer catering to the toy trade, it has been in operation more than 18 months. Its functioning unit is a joint production committee made up of six members of management and six representatives of labor. The committee meets once each week and considers suggestions handed in by workers in all branches of the company—suggestions designed to cut costs, save materials, or improve operating efficiency.

The best suggestions are discussed at length with top management, which maintains veto power. If any result in savings for the company, these savings are then divided with the entire work force in the form of bonuses.

Soon after Brownsmith (the name,

by the way, is a fiction, since the firm wants no publicity until the plan has completely proved itself) instituted the Scanlon Plan, a remarkable incident occurred. Four workers in the wheel toys department decided that they could increase their production if only the trucks, cars and wagons they made were removed from their benches and shelves more rapidly to the paint shops on the second floor of the building. The elevators were causing a bottleneck. They suggested that part of the paint shop be moved to their floor.

The joint production committee studied this suggestion and decided to take it up. The paint shop was moved. In six months, production of wheel toys was up 14 per cent; in a year, it had gone up 27 per cent. Because the suggestion had come out of the committee, management distributed a large slice of profits to every worker in the plant. But at the same time, management gave its workers something else—something much more important, perhaps: a feeling of creativity, a feeling of belonging, or one of direct participation in the company's policies.

In more simplified form, that is how the revolution works. Although Brownsmith does not want its real name mentioned, there are other Scanlon Plan companies which are ready to discuss their activities, among them Stromberg-Carlson Company of Rochester, N. Y.; The Pfaunder Company of the same city; LaPointe Machine Tool Company of Hudson, Mass.; Adamson Company of East Palestine, Ohio; Welch Grape Juice Company of Westfield, N. Y.; Murray Manufacturing Corporation of Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. O. Canfield Company of Bridgeport, Conn.; Towle Manufacturing Company of Newburyport, Mass., and many others.

GEORGE P. SCHULTZ, an associate of Professor Scanlon at M.I.T., has said, "... the plan is now operating in such diverse industries as furniture, silverware, steel fabricating, printing, rubber processing, corrugated paper containers, radio and television. The companies range in size from 60 employees to 5,000 and include multiplant as well as single-plant concerns."

He might have added that the Scanlon Plan has been introduced into plants with good labor relations, and others with bad; into concerns making a high profit and a few making practically nothing; and into groups of highly skilled laborers and others with practically no skill at all.

In most cases, the companies have been union shops—but since the Scanlon Plan committees and the

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unions' committees have different functions, there is reason to believe that the scheme would work as well in an unorganized establishment. Professor Scanlon first began working on his plan while he was a steelworkers union organizer, but in every company where it is now functioning its charter states explicitly that collective bargaining, grievance settlement, etc., are strictly the business of the union and are not to be considered by Scanlon Plan committees.

Because every company offers a different set of conditions and problems, Professor Scanlon has never committed to paper an exact set of over-all ground rules for administering his plan, and it thus may vary considerably from one company to another. Before examining the broad outlines on which most participating companies operate, it might be wise to set down some of the factors out of which the plan evolved.

TO BEGIN, few industries have ever risen to 80 per cent of potential, and for the overwhelming bulk of American business, 50 per cent is considered a fair estimate. One of the principal reasons for this, according to most industrial relations men, is the gap between labor and management. It's no longer the fashion, as it was in the proletarian 1930's, to deplore this gap, which since the rise to power of the unions no longer causes as much bitterness as it once did. The gap is there; some men are managers, some are laborers, and most people—the agitators to the contrary—prefer it that way.

Yet, as industry has grown bigger and more complex, the gap has narrowed and broadened at one and the same time. It has narrowed as management has sought to do more for labor—higher wages, better hours, increased social benefits, improved working conditions, etc. It has broadened as management has in the majority of cases lost direct touch with the actual working processes. Even managers who come up from the ranks lose touch, sooner or later, as improved techniques or methods are introduced.

The president and founder of the company who roams his plant all day long, as Henry Ford did at Dearborn, Mich., dropping in on workers unexpectedly, is a rarity. Workers blindly, willingly follow directives handed down by executives. Frequently businesses go broke because management attempts some maneuver which, viewed from the eyes of the man on the floor, is patently unworkable and wasteful.

There is an attendant evil. This so-called neglect on the part of management not only kills initiative and

job-pride, it makes it impossible for these desirable emotions ever to be born in any young worker's breast. Thus potential talent and efficiency are lost.

Quite simply, the Scanlon Plan seeks to turn these disadvantages into advantages. It persuades the manager to say to the worker:

"All right, let's be honest with each other. I run this business, you work in it. I know more about running it than you do, but you know more about your job than I do. You must know ways in which you can improve it, what short cuts you can take, how you can save on materials, how you can eliminate scrap or damaged parts, how you can save time. You give me these suggestions, and if they're valid we'll make them company policy.

"Maybe I won't like some of them—but if you can show me how they'll mean increased production, we'll institute them anyhow. Now, the savings are bound to mean higher profits. We'll be operating closer to potential. I'll cut back a part of those profits to you in the form of bonuses."

Like all good ideas, the Scanlon Plan is a simple one. Even in actual organization and operation it is not particularly complicated. There are only two steps:

1. Management sets up a ratio between the productive efficiency of employees, and the actual cost of the employee effort—in other words, a ratio between the company's output, expressed in terms of physical units (products) or dollars of sales value, and the cost of that output in terms of wages and salaries paid. This may be computed as an average, taking into account vacation periods, periods of increased sales activity, and off-season periods; it also must take into account seasonal price fluctuations, etc.

THE ratio is used as a measure of the employees' value to the company in terms of dollars. For example, Plant X produces \$100,000 worth of tin cans each month. This costs Plant X \$35,000 in salaries and wages. That is the average. In one month after the Scanlon Plan is put into effect, Plant X produces \$115,000 worth of cans. Its employee cost is still \$35,000. The \$15,000 worth of increased production is then distributed, in part, to the employees who aided in achieving it. Some companies set aside part of the increased production sum to be distributed to employees in months when production has not gone above, or has fallen below, the average.

2. The management next establishes committees of its own representatives and those of workers to

offer and act on suggestions toward increased production efficiency.

The organization plan of Stromberg-Carlson at Rochester may be used as a model. The firm is the largest using the plan—and thanks to regular bonuses received since 1950, when it was instituted, the company's 4,000-odd employees are now convinced that there is nothing finer. Every department has a two-man committee composed of one labor man and one from management. Suggestions turned into this committee are discussed on the spot with the foreman, accepted and put into action, or turned down for reasons which are made clear.

IF THE merits of the suggestion cannot be decided within the department, it is referred to one of the four divisional screening committees. If it is a suggestion that might affect the entire plant, it is bucked all the way up to the top planning and review committee. (All these committees, of course, are made up of equal representation of labor and management). The upper-echelon committees also serve as boards of appeal for suggestions which the two-man committees may have turned down.

Stromberg-Carlson's monthly employee newspaper, the *Speaker*, is full of stories about suggestions which have paid off. Two men in switchboard inspection thought that the wiring for a certain obsolete feature on one of the company's switchboards could be eliminated. Adopted, the suggestion saved more than three miles of expensive wire and cable the first year. Four men in the television set packing department, tired of lifting 200-pound sets in cartons, designed a small triangular wooden piece which could be used to turn the sets over more easily. Their work was speeded up by 25 per cent.

"These are just two examples," says Dave Cook, sales and promotion manager, "but typical of what can be done when men get together."

Since the plan was instituted, 2,100 suggestions have been received, of which 1,270 were adopted. By the end of 1952 the company had paid out \$1,227,034 in bonuses as the employee's share of the company's increased profits!

This figure becomes all the more phenomenal when it is considered that the television business took a nose dive from February to October in 1951, during which time no bonuses were paid. Today, a share of each month's bonus is held aside by the company to be paid out in months when prevailing conditions make bonuses impossible.

At Stromberg-Carlson, committees are appointed by the president

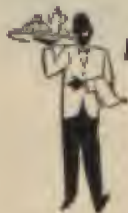


Even the most seasoned traveler is sure to sit up and take notice . . . way up in the luxurious Planetarium-Dome coaches of MO-PAC's famed EAGLES. What a way to see the West-Southwest . . . at its best!

THE TEXAS EAGLES. Planetarium-dome coaches between St. Louis and Dallas, Fort Worth, Austin and San Antonio.

THE COLORADO EAGLE. Planetarium-dome coaches between St. Louis, Kansas City and Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver daily.

THE MISSOURI RIVER EAGLE. Planetarium-dome coaches between St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha.



Mealtime magic on the move

For a savory snack or a delicious dinner . . . enjoy MO-PAC's famed "Silver Platter" Diner Service. Especially selected fresh fruits, vegetables, and meats . . . prepared to your order by expert chefs, served by courteous waiters . . . with a side order of scenic surprises!

R. J. McDERMOTT

General Passenger Traffic Manager
1601 Missouri Pacific Bldg.
St. Louis 3, Missouri





New "DANGERater," which may save your business from ruin.

Businessmen jolted by amazing device which reveals hidden threat!

**FREE "DANGERater" tells in 30 seconds if
the records you need to stay in business
are actually safe against fire.**

Don't guess about this. It's dangerous. Get your free "Fire DANGERater." Dial your own "DANGERating" in 30 seconds. It's easy to use. Accurate. Authentic. Based on experience with thousands of fires. Figures in every significant hazard factor. Gives you a reliable answer. Send for your "DANGERater," now. Tomorrow may be too late!

The **Mosler Safe** Company

World's Largest Builders of Safes and Bank Vaults

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Please send me, FREE and without obligation, your
new Mosler "FIRE DANGERater."

NAME.....
POSITION.....
FIRM NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....
STATE.....

of the union and by top management. There is no set term for any committeeman to serve. At other installations, committees may be elected by popular vote of the workers, on the side of labor; and appointed or elected by management. It is all up to the individual company.

The advantages of the Scanlon Plan to management must by now be obvious. To begin with, it sets to work talents and energies in companies which have not previously been tapped. It gives workers new interest in their jobs, and new pride. In some cases it can lead to new discoveries in terms of materials and know-how which can affect an entire industry. And, more important, it narrows the labor-management gap in a highly effective manner, by

giving management information it would not get ordinarily.

In one printing plant, executives learned that their planning of press runs was being upset because they were basing them on time slips handed in by workers—who were told by foremen to put normal delay down on their slips as "running time," so as not to get in trouble with management! When the time was computed realistically, production immediately went up.

The advantage to the unions cannot be neglected, either. The Scanlon Plan converts the union from a simple instrument of bargaining power into an actual operating partner of management. Better understanding is the result.

Mr. Scanlon, the plan's originator,

The case of the two-way road

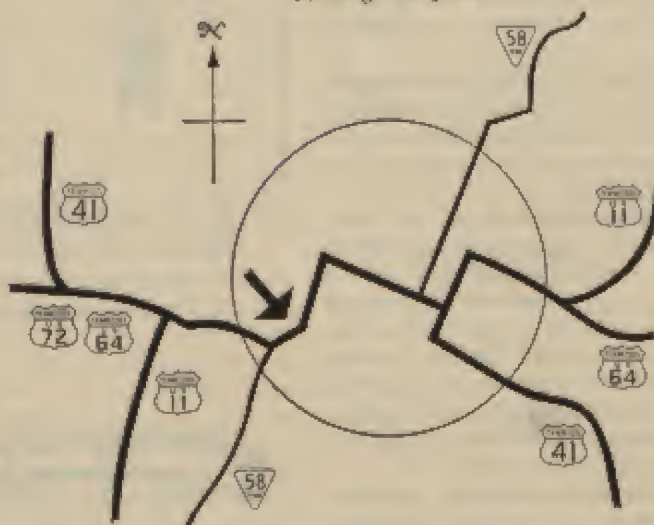
Nation's Business



EAGLE-EYED and matter-of-fact readers have been challenging our July cover as a figment of editorial and artistic imagination. This impeachment arises from Artist Weimer Pursell's inclusion of a northbound road marker on a post which also carries two southbound signs.

To those whom this paradox disturbed this explanation is dedicated.

The highway sign does exist, just as Mr. Pursell painted it, as any motorist may prove by driving west along the southern edge of Chattanooga, Tenn. The accompanying simplified map explains the reason. Routes 11 and 58 coming from the north enter Chattanooga's east side, bend westward through the town and then turn south again. Route 41, coming up from the southeast, also runs west through the city before continuing north. For several blocks they follow Broad Street together. The arrow shows the approximate location of our cover guide post.



started out as a cost accountant who earlier had been a professional boxer and an open-hearth worker. In 1936, he was active in organizing a steel-workers' local of which he became president. The company was in bad shape.

Mr. Scanlon and the president went to Pittsburgh to see Clinton Golden, vice president of the Steelworkers and Philip Murray's first lieutenant. He suggested that they attempt to work out a plan by which the union and management together could save the company. What they finally evolved was a system by which workers would get bonuses for anything they could produce in actual savings. After some time, Mr. Scanlon went to Pittsburgh to work out similar systems for other companies.

The Scanlon Plan was first tried out in the Adamson Company of East Palestine, Ohio, a manufacturer of steel tanks. As a result of Mr. Scanlon's thinking, the men there soon were taking home bonuses of more than 50 per cent of their wages.

There is one major stumbling block to the Scanlon Plan: fear. Oddly enough, it exists on both sides. Management sometimes fears that its authority will get permanently out of its hands; workers sometimes fear that the plan is just another sugar-coated inducement to get them to work harder.

The fear and distrust often can be turned to advantage, too. In one case, a paper company had been trying to get one of its departments to use a series of conveyers. Employees stubbornly resisted the idea. When the Scanlon Plan was instituted, the employees came up with a plan whereby the conveyers would be put into service instantly.

"Why didn't you tell us this before?" one surprised official asked.

"You weren't interested in listening to us," the workers said. "All you wanted to do was install those conveyers your way."

Some companies have found that after a certain period, when suggestions begin to fall off, a period of reorientation and review is necessary to keep the plan functioning dynamically. Stromberg-Carlson developed such a re-education program after its plan had been in operation a little more than two years.

The plan is, of course, only one of several such now being used in many industries.

The Rucker Share of Production Plan, the brain child of the Eddy-Rucker-Nickels Company, management consultants of Cambridge, Mass., has been used with success in many installations, most recently Pitman-Moore of Indianapolis, a

pharmaceutical firm. The Rucker plan guarantees that the annual total of compensation paid manufacturing employees automatically increases in the same degree as the productivity increases; increased productivity earnings are distributed among individual employees pro rata on the earnings of each person.

Other individual companies, notably the Bundy Tubing Company of Detroit have instituted sales-ratio profit-sharing plans of their own invention.

No one would claim that the Scanlon Plan is a panacea, not even its inventor nor its most fanatic proponents. In at least one plant where it has been tried, the executives are still somewhat hesitant to express themselves on its effectiveness. Murray Manufacturing of Brooklyn has had the Scanlon Plan in operation since August, 1950, in its safety switch factory. Murray employs some 360 people there.

Miss Frances Smith, personnel manager, says, "We don't know if we're sold on it or not. We had been casting around for some sort of incentive plan, and had considered outright profit sharing—but when we heard of the Scanlon, we decided it might work for us. It did, in the beginning—but later we had a rough time because the workers evidently weren't psychologically prepared for months in which bonuses were not paid.

"There were some such months, because we're in a rough, competitive business, and our business was bound to drop off at intervals. But we're going to stay with it for a while and see how it works out. At any rate, we're not discouraged."

Those who are sold, are sold to the hilt. Last fall, representatives of labor unions and manufacturing concerns met with Mr. Scanlon and some of his M. I. T. associates in Boston for a three-day conference. Among those attending was Ray Marshall, an official at Welch Grape Juice Company, which had instituted the Scanlon Plan about five months before. Mr. Marshall was asked what transpired at the meeting. "Well," he answered, "the pattern was pretty much the same: most of the companies said they still have problems with the plan, that they don't have a bonus to distribute each and every month, and they still have much to learn, but they understand each other and the company's problems better, the unions have grown stronger, management has had to improve, and none of them would want to be without the plan. All in all, it was a little like hearing testimonials at a revival service!"

END



Silly, isn't it?

● To separate little adhesive stamps, to lick and stick them? To lock up stamps in a tin box—or lug them around in your wallet until they stick together? And especially silly these days, when any office can afford a little DM postage meter!

● The DM prints postage, any amount, for any kind of mail, as you need it—directly on the envelope, or on special tape for parcel post. Prints your own small ad, if you want one, at the same time. And has a moistener for sealing envelope flaps.

● You always have the right stamp with the DM, which holds as much postage as you want to pay for at one time. It protects your postage from loss, theft, spoilage. And automatically accounts for postage.

● Big convenience. Saves mailing time—and postage. Anybody can use one... Other meter models, hand or electric, for larger offices. Ask the nearest PB office to show you. Or send the coupon for the free illustrated booklet.

FREE: Handy wall chart of Postal Rates with parcel post map and zone finder.



PITNEY-BOWES

Postage Meter

Offices in 93 cities in U.S. and Canada



Pitney-Bowes, Inc.
1390 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
Please send free ☐ booklet, ☐ wall chart to:

Name _____
Firm _____
Address _____



From this side it's a window

From this side it's a mirror



Architects: Sanzenbacher, Morris and Taylor, Toledo, Ohio.

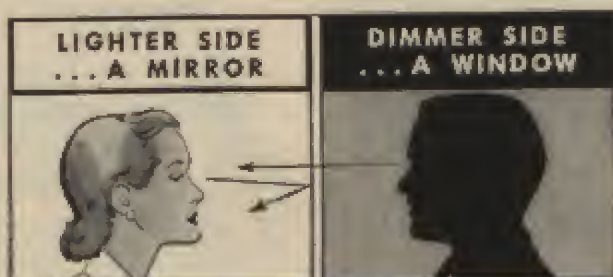
How to Stop Shoplifters

*Mirropane** transparent mirrors are a proved cure for shoplifting losses. In many cases they have helped to reduce high losses from pilferage almost to zero. They can be installed to give the observer a clear view of the shopping area, yet all the customer sees is a reflection.

You can see through *Mirropane* when there is brighter light on the other side. When it's the other way—bright on the observer's side, dim in

back of the glass—*Mirropane* reflects like a mirror.

Mirropane has many other possibilities—for observing special classes in schools and hospitals, for changing decorative effects in restaurants, lobbies and lounges. For more information, call your L·O·F Glass Distributor or Dealer, listed under "Glass" in classified telephone directories in many principal cities. *®



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REFUGEES — — FROM A MUSEUM

AMERICANS own 76 per cent of the world's passenger cars; but Tenerife, the largest of the Canary Islands, seems to have a monopoly on the oldest cars ever to escape a museum.

Ship passengers visiting the island are met at the pier in the capital city of Santa Cruz de Tenerife by cab drivers piloting everything from a 1923 Dodge, with the flaps down and the motor wheezing, to ancient Maxwells, Stanley Steamers, Pierce-Arrows, Model "A" and Model "T" Fords. Even surrey-with-the-fringe-on-top numbers are included among the ancient autos one sees.

In fact, the whole island is one vast used-car lot, with second-hand bargains galore, if you're in the market for a slightly rundown runabout—about 25 years or more old. New cars are a rarity in Tenerife. They cost too much after you add in all the export duty, excise taxes, freight charges, etc.

Nearly everybody in Tenerife owns a piece of a car. It's a mark of getting ahead in the world. Even a bent old porter at a local hotel owns a one-tenth share of a streaky gray-blue Marmon of dubious age. The local mortician drives a 1919 Rolls Royce with a brilliantly polished front grill.

Lined up near the town's big cafe a visitor is apt to see a collection of jalopies—everything from a Stutz Bearcat to an Overland. A model such as a 1928 Hudson would be a newcomer.

Although traffic lights and cops are few in the Canaries, accidents are rare. The drivers, evidently fearing the worst in a crash, are extra careful.

One Canary Islander describes the auto picture succinctly: "If it runs, it's a car; if it runs most of the time, it's a new car; and if it runs every day, it's a miracle."

—ARTHUR R. PASTORE, JR.



The Store of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 28)

walk out without something they would have bought if they'd had time.

Walkouts brought on another basic development, and its author was a man named Clarence Saunders. Some 30 years ago he pioneered the supermarket as we know it today. But again, the nature of Mr. Saunders' contribution is generally unknown. He didn't invent self-service; that already existed. What he originated was the check-out desk.

The check-out desk accomplished two things. First, its efficiency reduced the price of food: The grocer's markup was 40 per cent 30 years ago, it's only 17 per cent today; an entire nation is eating better because of it. And second, the check-out desk virtually eliminated the walkout.

This last effect, though largely psychological, is no less real. Even men, notoriously impatient shoppers, won't throw away all the time they've spent filling a big go-cart. Express aisles appease the hasty shoppers with small purchases.

The third big development is credited to Sears Roebuck. Sears brought the department store to the automobile shopper, by building in outlying districts where plenty of parking space could be provided.

It worked beautifully; it made Sears the biggest retail organization in world history. But unfortunately parking is a self-perpetuating problem. Stores, like superhighways, can't keep up with the expansion of the motor age. A suburban store is built; the city grows up around it; and pretty soon the streets are full, the parking lot is full, and land has become too expensive to add more parking space.

Parking remains the greatest problem of the big-city store. It looms large in all plans for the store of the future, but few merchants are bold enough to say they can find a direct solution for it. They propose to solve it by moving customers through the stores so fast that they will drive away and leave parking room for other customers.

Equally great remains the human problem. There just aren't enough sales people. My friend, the editor, couldn't buy his sweater because no one was available to take his money. His case is multiplied by millions every day.

Executives of the big chains are in a permanent state of despair.

"When jobs are plentiful, we can't

Here's why I carry a National CREDIT CARD

NATIONWIDE CREDIT SERVICE

Throughout the United States and Canada, over 15,000 member firms stand ready to serve National Credit Card holders. A directory listing these firms by state and city is issued regularly to every card holder. Persons planning to visit England will be glad to know that its finest hotels and shops honor National Credit Cards.

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

On business or vacation trips, you may charge all of your hotel and motel expenses, meals, entertainment, car rentals, taxi service and more than 130 different services. A National Credit Card eliminates risk of carrying large amounts of cash.

ACCURATE EXPENSE RECORDS

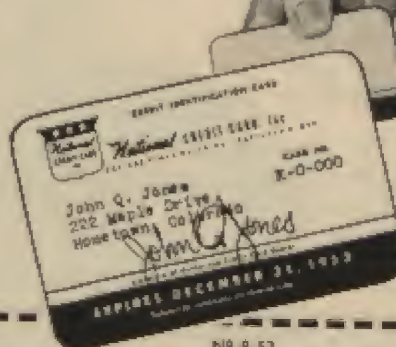
Executives and traveling men appreciate National Credit Card's itemized monthly statement with supporting invoices—especially handy when making expense and income tax reports.

FOR LOCAL PURCHASES

You may charge many purchases at local firms who honor National Credit Cards. The items will be included on your monthly N.C.C. statement.



This emblem identifies the member firms who honor National Credit Cards.



National CREDIT CARD, INC.

Times Building, Portland 4, Oregon, or
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

- ☐ Please send literature about National Credit Card.
- ☐ Please issue me a National Credit Card.
 - ☐ Enclosed is \$5.00 to cover yearly registration fee.
 - ☐ Bill me for the \$5.00 yearly registration fee.

Name _____

Street address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The many advantages of a National Credit Card are available for only a \$5.00 yearly registration fee. This averages less than 42 cents a month... an amount more than offset by the savings in stamps and checks needed for paying many separate bills.

Any number of cards will be issued to a firm or individual for the one fee.

hire anybody at all," they sigh. "When jobs are scarce, we still have trouble. When we do get employees, they soon quit. When they don't quit, they usually aren't any good. We have all kinds of classes to teach them salesmanship and courtesy, but they're awfully hard to train."

The principal answer to this lament has been given in recent years by a New York advertising executive named E. B. Weiss, who vehemently disputes some of the most cherished and time-honored traditions of merchandising.

"You shouldn't even try to train them," is his startling dictum. "It's the method that's wrong, not the men. If the customer gets the goods he wants, that's salesmanship. If he isn't kept waiting, that's courtesy."

The reason there's a shortage of salesclerks is that store hours are longer than office or factory hours, most Saturdays are workdays, and the short profit margin on which retailers work doesn't permit high pay.

But even if ample employees were available and perfectly trained, it wouldn't dent the surface of the store's present problem.

A department store stays open 48 to 54 hours a week. But more than half its business is done in ten or 12 of those hours. Twice the present number of salesclerks couldn't handle the peak load, and the store would go broke paying them for some 30 idle hours.

Yet the solution exists. It exists in a combination of the three basic principles—display, self-service, and convenient location—plus a few more recent developments. None of these is wholly theoretical. Every one has been tried, somewhere. The store of the future will fit them together.

Let us walk into this store of the future. The showcase as we know it today has all but disappeared, except in departments where very expensive merchandise like jewelry is sold. There are counters for display of merchandise, but no salesclerks stand behind them. The salesclerks are at other counters, and they aren't really salesclerks at all. They are there to take your money or your charge plate and punch out a sales slip on an adding-machine cash register.

You may already have your purchases with you, if they are the kind you can take from a shelf and carry in a shopping basket. Chains like Woolworth and Kresge already have some stores with shopping baskets

and checkout desks; more than 300 drugstores have installed them for cosmetics and similar light items; dozens of department-store men have the architects' plans all drawn.

In other departments you won't have your purchases with you, but the "salesclerk" will take the card you have punched for the items you want and will give you a number. A few minutes later, at a nearby counter, you will receive your entire order. All the articles were prewrapped, and had only to be taken from shelves or bins in the stockroom, assembled in a sack or box, and transported to you on a conveyor belt.

You will be surprised at the number of things that will be prepackaged in the store of the future. Not only drugs and cosmetics and ornaments and toys and dishes, but also gloves and shirts and scarves and stockings—yes, and even shoes, by style and size.

Where self-service is not possible, preselection often is. Of course, it is preselection whenever you walk into a store and ask for an advertised brand by name; but this process can be carried to some unusual lengths.

Take shoes. An important store of one of our largest chains tried an

dress from a rack, carries it to a dressing room, tries it on, and takes it herself to a counter; there is nothing left to do but pay for it and have it wrapped. A clerk at an Ohrbach's counter has been timed at five sales per minute. In many department stores it takes five minutes just to fill out the sales slip.

Now, obviously hundreds of items can't be prepackaged and hundreds of others (like heavy appliances) require the personal attention of a salesman. These won't be relegated to a different store, however. The store of the future won't carry fewer types of merchandise than it does now; if possible it will carry even more. It will need the "traffic."

Traffic constitutes the number of people who enter the store. It makes little difference why they enter—it can be to meet a friend, make a phone call, use the rest rooms, or anything else. The store wants them to come in. Unless they come in they can't see the merchandise, and if they don't see it they won't buy it.

It is a source of wry humor among publishers that "you can sell books almost anywhere but in a bookstore." You can sell millions on the newsstands, as the pocket books do. You can sell millions by mail as the book clubs do. You can sell them in drugstores and tobacco stores and department stores. Even the chain food stores will sell some 30,000,000 books this year. But bookstore volume remains small. Not enough traffic.

To get traffic, stores will sell you some of their merchandise at a loss. They will pay star performers to put on shows and concerts. They will advertise and advertise and advertise.

The more types of things a particular store sells, the more different customers will come in and the more traffic there will be. That is the chief "why" of department stores in the first place.

So the store of the future will still be a department store; but you'll hardly be able to recognize the departments by the standards of today. For they will be arranged by the manner of selling rather than the things sold: Goods that can be prepackaged will go in this department; goods that can be preselected, in that one; goods that require personal service, in still another.

You'll also see a decided change in store hours. Except for a couple of "early days," few stores will open before noon. But they will be open nearly every night, for the benefit of women who work and of husbands



experiment with footwear. They put the most popular brands of women's shoes—the shoes that were doing three-quarters of the business—out on a table where customers could handle them and, in many sizes, try them on before even approaching the salesman. The efficiency of the department was almost doubled.

There are stores that for years have sold fine dresses by self-service. Ohrbach's, in New York, was one of the earliest (30 years' experience) and is perhaps the best known because it advertises nationally. At Ohrbach's the customer picks a

and wives who like to shop together. (At first they will be careful not to conflict too much with the most popular television shows, like the San Francisco store that changed its open night from Monday to Wednesday because too many of its customers were staying home to watch "I Love Lucy.")

Increased efficiency of operation will automatically solve some major problems in retailing. When a woman can buy a dress in 15 minutes instead of an hour, a parking space will accommodate four cars during the time now occupied by one. When store hours are decreased—and they



may readily come down to 30 hours a week or even less—competent workers will be much more willing to accept jobs. When the cost per sale goes down, prices to the customer can be decreased (as they were in supermarkets), salaries to employees can be raised, and the store will make at least as much money.

Is this a rosy picture for the future? Not to some retailers. In fact, they would bitterly oppose it if they didn't pooh-pooh it as impossible.

"For our customers," they aver, "it would never work. What do you think we are? An Automat? An A & P?"

Let them rest easy. No one contends that luxury shops like Neiman-Marcus, Magnin, Bergdorf-Goodman will ever turn to self-service. Their customers are an unusual survival from a vanished day. Their customers like to shop.

But these customers, drawn chiefly from high-income levels, are not numerous, and a good thing it is for merchants. The woman who still enjoys shopping is a store's least profitable customer. She consumes time buying ten different things. She takes them home and studies herself in the mirror for a few hours. Then she returns nine of them. She thinks she's a good customer because she pays a high price for what she does keep, but the quantity retailer doesn't want her. He wants the woman who buys one thing, buys it because she wants it, buys it fast, and keeps it. For this kind of shopper—and it is the vast majority of all shoppers—a new day in merchandising is approaching its dawn. **END**

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No Able-bodied Need Apply

(Continued from page 39)

record on the job. Ford's inspectors had been accustomed to rejecting up to 40 per cent of the units. The rejection rate on Abilities' work averages less than four per cent.

Before the end of 1952, Abilities was doing work for firms like Sperry Gyroscope Company, Ford Instrument Company, Servomechanisms Incorporated, and Republic Aviation Corporation. The plant had separate sections for electronics, mechanics, wire assemblies and spare-parts packaging. It was even turning out the miniature transmitters and receivers that control model airplanes in flight. Each finished job led to other work. In the mad scramble for subcontracts, Abilities soon became the despair of its competitors.

Yet there is nothing "sweatshop" about the operation. Art Nierenberg's tight cost-control system makes for close figuring on bids. Abilities' workers are paid the full-scale wages prevailing in the industry. But maximum wages are deliberately kept lower than the prevailing scale. "While we hold on to our key personnel, we're always delighted when one of our men leaves us to take a better job," Hank explains. "We have completely rehabilitated him, and in his place we can hire and train another."

There are 55 persons on the payroll at present, but new employees are hired almost every week. Without exception they are what Hank calls "run-of-the-mill" cripples, not hand-picked personnel. Most come straight from the relief rolls, from hospitals and institutions, or out of backrooms at home. Few have ever worked before.

For example, Herman Peter, 22, educated in a school for the blind, used to spend his days at home tinkering with radio sets—a hobby since boyhood. Today Herman is a valuable man in the electronics testing section. Engineers are fascinated by the testing equipment he uses. Everything is based on audible signals, and Braille-calibrated dials.

Alex Alazraki, 34, head of the packaging department, was born without arms or legs; his arm stumps extend less than seven inches from his shoulders. But in these extremities he has developed almost fingertip sensitivity. With the aid of special gadgets Alex can outpace workers with normal limbs at such jobs as putting tiny parts in cellophane envelopes.

Others are blind, palsied, deaf

and dumb, paralyzed or deformed. Just name a disability and you'll find it here.

Yet Art Nierenberg's meticulous records (which have been studied and compared by experts) show that, on the average, it takes no longer to train an Abilities worker than a new worker in any other plant. And an Abilities worker must be proficient at three different types of work before he completes his trial period. Thus people can be shifted as contracts end or new work comes in, and the problem of layoffs is averted.

Visiting engineers from the contracting companies (to whom Hank Viscardi owes a big debt for advice and guidance) are amazed by the tools and methods the shop develops for each job. These are designed pri-



marily to fit the peculiar needs or limitations of the handicapped workers. But the fact that so many are quickly adopted elsewhere proves that they are also more efficient.

To assist workers with weak fingers, someone tried a nutpick on the lacing operation. Later a piece of brass tubing was placed over the handle to tamp down wires between the pegs. The tool is now machined in quantity, and is used in many plants.

Anyone in the shop may come up with a bright idea (as when blind Irene Beute found that bobby pins were ideal for holding wires in place during assembling); but usually the tools and methods are conceived or perfected by Jimmy Wadsworth.

Jimmy's paralyzed lower-half makes it difficult for him to sit or stand for long. But he has solved that problem by hooking a window cleaner's belt and harness to the workbench. Now he reclines comfortably in a position that is neither sitting nor standing. He can keep an eye on the shop and get a lot of work done at the same time.

Earlier, Jimmy noticed that workers with weak hands were having difficulties in twisting the ends of fine wires in a cable for tinning. So Jimmy devised a "cable spinner" with a friction wheel and a small motor. Now the operator simply

holds the ends of the cable, slides it in the spinner, and the job is done—faster and more accurately. The shop abounds with tricks like that.

The outfit will take on almost any kind of work within reason. Several times Hank has been on the point of turning down jobs he thought were too complex. He was dissuaded by Art, Jimmy and others who saw in the job a new challenge. "I guess some of our biggest achievements came about that way," he admits.

The Dictaphone Corporation watched Abilities' performance for some time. One day Hank was summoned. He was shown a difficult production problem—a small panel board with a printed circuit on which 24 tiny units had to be mounted precisely. Other people had tackled the job and failed. Did Abilities want to take a crack at it?

After huddling with his staff, Hank signed up for a trial order. The shop found a new way to do the work and delivered a shipment of perfect pieces in record time. Now Abilities has a long-term contract with Dictaphone and turns out 250 panel-board assemblies daily.

Federal and state funds are available for the on-the-job training of the handicapped. When Abilities started Hank took advantage of the arrangement because most employees came almost as wards of the state agency. But the arrangement was short-lived.

Workers began to ask: "Who are these government people who come poking around and asking questions?" Hank called in the section heads and explained the arrangement, and how the small state payments had helped during the initial period. After canvassing the plant, the chiefs reported back.

"We'll work harder, longer, or for less money, but we want to be on our own," said a spokesman. "All of us are sick of relief and government subsidies." Hank's happiest hour was when he informed the state agency that the deal was off.

One morning recently Hank arrived early at the plant and was surprised to find the doors already open. Inside he found the solder pots going, the irons heating. Young Frank Rieger, a polio cripple, was there alone.

Frank explained that he always arrived at 7:15, because the next bus from his town would arrive too late. And since he was there he thought it would be a good idea to start heating up for the fellows in the other section. That way they could get right to work when they arrived. Frank Rieger still heats up at 7:15 each morning, but he now draws overtime. "It's worth it," Hank says. "Frank's initiative saves that section

a couple of hours of working time daily."

The audit of March 31, 1953, showed that in seven months Abilities had made a "profit" of nearly \$50,000. Hank is confident that those figures will be doubled by the end of the first year in September.

But this is a nonprofit corporation. The "profit" will be used for plant expansion, group insurance and new employment opportunities. There is a fund to provide for possible slack periods; and a research fund to make Abilities' experience available to similar projects and to industry at large.

The enlarged plant will provide some physical-therapy facilities to hasten the improvement which many workers have made on the job. For example, Jimmy Wadsworth is developing sensation in his paralyzed legs. An hour of therapy after work each day might make a world of difference.

Even more startling transformations have occurred. One day last April, Lee Hyatt came to Hank and said: "You won't believe this, but Vincent Ferrara is talking!" Vincent, 19, is a deaf mute who came directly to Abilities after 14 years in an institution.

Hank went into the plant and confronted the boy, who grinned sheepishly and said: "Hello, Boss."

"Now we find that Vincent was never really a deaf mute," Hank explains. "Working as a useful member of a group, he seems to have broken through some psychological barrier. The doctors say that with a hearing aid and proper speech training he'll be talking normally in a year."

Some skeptics say that Abilities, Inc., can't be duplicated; that it is unique because it has Hank Viscardi at its head.

"That's nonsense," Hank answers. "There are plenty of Viscardis and Art Nierenbergs just waiting for the chance. Besides, there are lots of successful businessmen, retired before their time, who could head up outfits like ours."

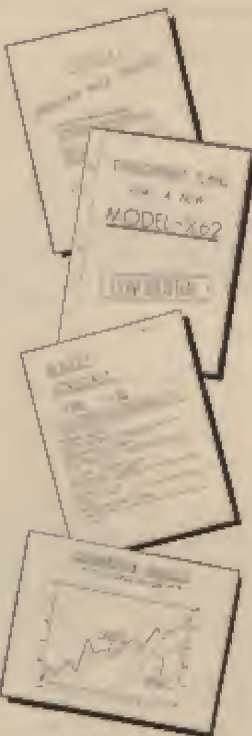
Others claim that Abilities' success is a result of the defense boom and the tight labor market. "We're better fixed to meet cutbacks than most companies, and our new contracts are mostly for peacetime products," Hank says. "We're willing to take our chances with everyone else. But remember, we have an ace in the hole."

What's that ace? "Craftsmanship that produces superior work," says Hank Viscardi. "There will always be a market for that. Don't forget we are competing on that basis right now!"

END



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Washington's Powers

(Continued from page 27)

Confederation, the central government set aside a section of every township in the western public domain to maintain public schools. This was the first use of federal resources to encourage the states to follow a national policy.

Later, as new states were admitted, land grants became a customary federal endowment. At least 130,000,000 acres of the federal domain were granted to the states to promote grade schools, and substantial additional grants were made for colleges, flood control, wagon roads, canals and river improvements.

In 1862, Congress took the first step toward the modern pattern of requiring localities to put up sizable amounts of their own money and tying federal strings to the aid. In that year, the Morrill Act gave each state 30,000 acres of federal land for each of its congressmen and senators and earmarked the proceeds for agricultural and mechanical colleges. Some state financing was assured, since no portion of the federal funds could be used for construction. Moreover, the states had to report annually on their use of the federal aid.

The snowballing habit of federal assistance became evident when Congress later authorized money for agricultural experiment stations at the federally-aided A. and M. colleges and still later voted annual money grants for teachers at the land grant institutions. This last program, enacted in 1890, tied the purse strings a little tighter with the provision—for the first time in any aid program—that the federal administrator could withhold grants from a college not giving satisfactory courses.

THE agriculture extension service program created in 1914 was the first in which Congress required strict 50-50 matching, spelled out a formula for distributing the funds and required advance Washington approval of all state plans. These are still the hallmarks of most federal grant programs. The highway aid program, which got on the statute books in 1916, put federal aid into the financial big time, with authorization running into millions.

The grants program rolled along through the '20's. Every existing program was enlarged and others were started for forest fire prevention, vocational education and rehabilitation, control of venereal

diseases and maternal and child health care. Total grants soon hit \$100,000,000 a year.

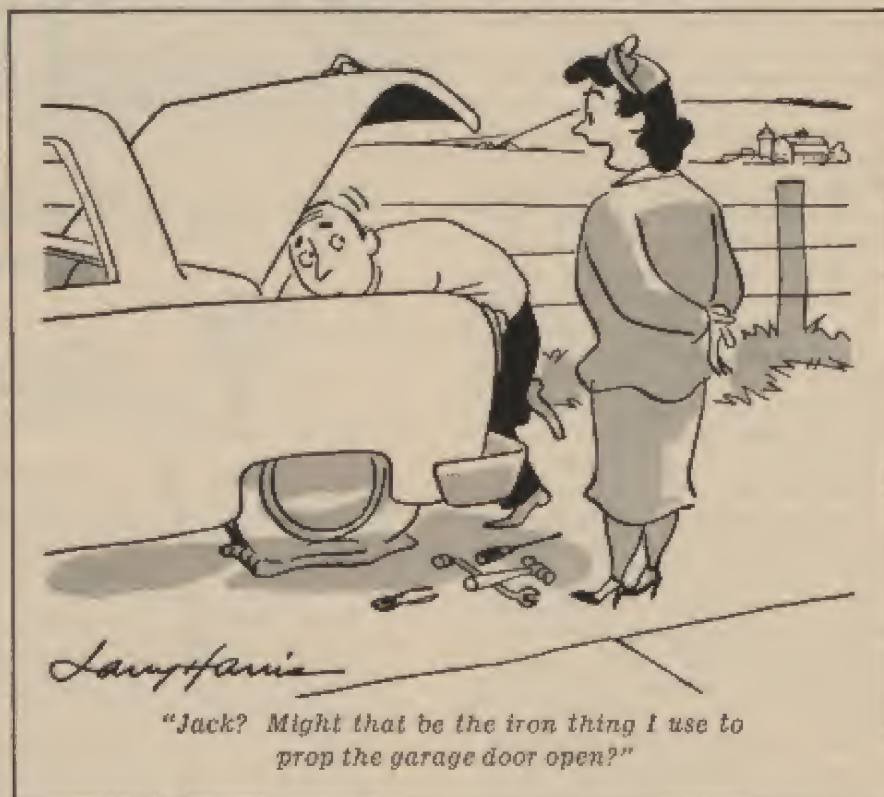
But opposition was appearing, too. Federal aid was attacked as the entering wedge for federal control. In 1929, maternal and child health grants were discontinued.

Then came the depression. Tax sources were less important than borrowing ability, and the federal Government could borrow freely while states and cities could not. They turned to Washington for help and

federal Government began putting up money for school lunches, airports, hospitals and other projects. Grants now account for almost four per cent of all federal spending and better than ten per cent of all state and local revenues.

In the tax field, 1913 even more clearly started a new era. Until then, the federal Government paid its way out of customs—which the states were forbidden to levy—and from excises on liquor and tobacco, largely untapped by the states. States, counties and cities got their income from property taxes.

Mounting costs in the period before World War I ended this happy state of affairs, however. The fed-



the trend of increasing federal aid was resumed—this time in the form of "emergency grants," with little or no matching required.

During the 1934 and 1935 fiscal years, emergency grants were at a peak. Total grants accounted for a record percentage of federal spending—about 15.4 per cent in 1934 and about 34.3 per cent in 1935. In 1935 grants hit \$2,260,266,000—a figure never approached again until 1950.

As the depression was conquered, emergency grants tapered off, but new regular grant programs took their place. The 1935 Social Security law revived the maternal and child health program, expanded public health work and, for the first time, authorized federal aid toward public assistance and unemployment compensation.

The next crop of new programs came after World War II, when the

eral Government launched the income tax. A few states followed suit, but in most cases the immediate state answer to higher costs was an excise tax on gasoline and a few other items.

During the 1920's tax overlapping became a problem. More and more states entered the income tax field and ended the federal monopoly on tobacco taxes. The need for revenue in the depression years increased the problems. The federal Government moved into the states' gasoline tax field while states and cities not only adopted general sales taxes but also doubled up with Washington on liquor. The overlapping became almost complete during World War II when the Treasury, searching for funds to finance the war effort, put excises on furs, jewelry, luggage, transportation, communications and other products and services already

covered by state and city sales taxes.

Today, tax overlapping and duplication is worse than ever and states and cities are still scrambling for new ways to boost their revenues.

Of all the solutions offered to resolve the federal-state muddle, the simplest was probably contained in a resolution adopted some years ago in a small Virginia town. It said:

"Whereas the powers of the national Government have increased to such an extent that they have become a nuisance, it is resolved that they be diminished."

The study commission won't find the answer that simple. For one thing, it will run up against a tug-of-war among the three levels of government, each trying for a maximum of tax revenues and a minimum of spending.

The states, for example, have indicated a desire to take over full responsibility for highway financing—but only if they get exclusive rights to tax gasoline. They point out that the federal Government is currently taking in close to \$1,000,000,000 a year from gasoline taxes, but gives the states only \$500,000,000 toward road building. However, the federal Treasury isn't going to be too happy about a deal which cuts income by \$500,000,000 at a time when every penny is needed to help balance the budget.

THE governors are keeping mum about what other federal spending programs they are willing to take over. Rep. Herbert C. Bonner (D., N. C.), who headed a subcommittee studying this problem last year, recalls that governors he questioned "did not seem to want to pass up many of the fine programs that the federal Government is now providing."

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has suggested that the federal Government can easily get out of the vocational education field. It points out that federal grants for this purpose in fiscal 1952 totaled only \$25,800,000 compared to state-local spending in the same field of about \$121,000,000, and that the grants can scarcely be justified any longer on the original claim that they stimulated state and local action. Another Chamber program, on social security, calls for universal pension coverage under the federal Social Security program, with the states taking over exclusive responsibility for whatever relief or public assistance programs might still be needed.

Cities, while clamoring to take over the 20 per cent federal admissions tax, make it plain that they want no letup in federal funds for

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State and local resistance to taking on programs now federally financed is just part of the story. The governors and mayors have frequently led delegations which asked Congress to expand federal aid programs and to start new ones. A poll of state officials who administer federally aided programs showed a heavy majority feeling the aid should be greatly increased.

Disagreement is as pronounced on splitting the tax kitty as on dividing spending functions.

The Governors Conference last year demanded not only the gasoline tax, but also a larger share of estate taxes and federal payments in lieu of taxes on federal property within the states.

IN THE other corner, the Treasury has been arguing that heavy defense spending must delay the day when it can surrender any tax source. It has suggested, instead, the use of "co-ordination devices."

Disinterested observers are as far from agreement as are the government groups. A joint committee of the American Bar Association, the National Tax Association and the National Association of Tax Administrators recommended that the federal Government withdraw completely from estate and gift taxation, from liquor licensing and from gasoline and admissions taxes, while the states should give up tobacco taxes. Former Treasury Undersecretary Roswell Magill has suggested that individual income taxes and liquor and tobacco taxes go exclusively to the national Government, with estate and gift taxes, gasoline taxes, retail excises, admissions and unemployment taxes turned over to the states.

The House Ways and Means Committee had these differences of opinion in mind when, after studying the problem last year, it reported that "rapid and sudden progress (on overlapping taxes) is not to be expected."

The study commission's work will be further complicated by city opposition to returning some federal programs to the states. For example, cities oppose state control of the highway program and gasoline tax. They say many states might not levy the two cents a gallon tax which the federal Government now imposes, thus lowering the net return from this source. Or, they continue, the state-collected gas tax money might not be used for road building.

Finally, they fear that rural-dominated state legislatures will have little understanding or sympathy for

urban traffic problems and will favor county roads over city streets.

They feel they can get a better deal from Washington than they can from state capitals.

This fear of rural control colors the cities' reaction to possible return of other grant programs to the states, too. "America has moved to town, but its state legislatures have not," the U. S. Conference of Mayors declared recently.

Liberal groups will fight the return of many of the grant programs to the state level, fearing that these governments won't be as progressive in social welfare legislation. The CIO claims that "the states rights issue carries with it countless implications that affect the welfare of every family in the nation."

Despite all these roadblocks and detours in the commission's path, a solution is by no means impossible. A task force of the Hoover Commission, after months of study, came up with recommendations both in the spending and revenue fields. It assigned the states numerous responsibilities now financed in part by federal grants—public assistance, education, employment security, housing and slum clearance and public health programs. Most other present grant programs, it decided, should remain a joint federal-state responsibility.

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States estimates that if the Hoover task force standards were applied to grant spending in fiscal 1952, only \$6,300,000 of the federal grants would have remained the sole responsibility of the federal Government. Another \$510,100,000 would have been for joint federal-state programs. And \$1,788,800,000 would have been the exclusive responsibility of the state governments.

Taxwise, the Hoover task force suggested the national Government should give up taxes on admissions, local telephone service, club dues, coin operated devices, safety box leases and other levies that could be "effectively administered by state and local government and which are relatively minor and nonessential sources of revenue for the national Government." It also recommended that the unemployment tax be returned to the states and that they get a bigger share of the estate and gift tax income.

The new study commission undoubtedly will rely heavily on the trail blazing done by the Hoover task force. But it will also get assistance from many other sources. State groups are being formed on both official and citizen levels to work with the commission. **END**

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The Nation's Worst Boss

(Continued from page 31)

points can and does bump the employee with fewer points, setting off a costly chain reaction down the line.

Each threatened reduction in force scares employees of the agency into hunting for new jobs before the ax falls. As a result, the agency often loses its better people—some of whom might have escaped the layoff. Meanwhile, the actual bumping reaction, once it gets under way, creates unrest for weeks, and keeps the bureau in a constant turmoil of restaffing, retraining, and changing records.

Costs of reduction in force are so exorbitant that a top federal personnel expert told the subcommittee: "Based on our experience, it is believed that the cost in man-hours and money of reduction in force as now administered, in addition to the loss of morale of employees of the agency, is far greater than the actual money saved by legislative action requiring a reduction in force."

The subcommittee found that many employees skilled in their trades who formerly worked for the Government now refuse to re-enter federal service because of the lack of security in present reduction in force procedures. The Naval Gun Factory in Washington, the Boston Navy Yard and the Charleston Navy Yard reported they could not coax back the highly skilled operatives they lost in the post-World War II layoff.

RIF uncertainties also make government recruiting more difficult. Potential employees fear they will be the first to be discharged in any layoff. Indiana University's Institute of Training for Public Service informed the subcommittee that since June, 1950, a large number of the 2,500 students who have attended the school have been reluctant to take indefinite government appointments, especially when private enterprise offers employment on a permanent basis.

As if reduction in force procedures weren't bad enough, the Government has superimposed a grievance and appeals system, which—in the subcommittee's opinion—has become "unnecessarily complicated and confusing." The system requires separate channels for the handling of grievances, appeals from removals, performance ratings, classification

actions, reductions in force, veterans preference, and alleged discrimination because of race, creed or national origin.

"Moreover," reported the subcommittee, "almost every agency has varied individually in its interpretation of the intent of these laws and regulations. . . ."

Employees filing a complex appeal falling into two or more of these channels often find it difficult to get their complete story across unless they fight their way through a maze of different proceedings. On the other hand, the supervisors and administrators hate the system because



"Then there really are real estate taxes! I always thought that was something the apartment landlord just made up"

an aggrieved employee can appeal successively through different types of proceedings and delay final settlement of the central issue.

A most fantastic dismissal case involved Orton T. Campbell, a World War II flier, who disputed his discharge in 1949 from a \$5,000 a year Government Printing Office job.

When the case reached federal court in 1951, the Government disclosed that it had spent \$500,000 to force the ouster of the one employee. The bulk of the figure, the court was told, represented working time of GPO, Justice Department and Civil Service Commission officials and employees.

"Don't spend another half million dollars appealing," Federal Judge T. Alan Goldsborough declared in ruling for the employee. "Make it a quarter of a million this time."

It never has been revealed how much more it cost the Government to fight the case through to victory in the United States Supreme Court.

In between hiring and firing, the subcommittee found Uncle Sam racing off in all directions on personnel policy matters. The investigators uncovered 80 methods of pay, some completely different in philosophy and character. Few of the pay plans the subcommittee studied provide pay incentives for increased efficiency, economy and production.

The Classification Act of 1949, which in effect decides how much each job is worth, places too much emphasis on paper descriptions of duties involved, and too little emphasis on the manner of individual performance, according to the subcommittee.

For example, a Defense official reported that in a particular unit, one punchcard operator turned out 30,000 cards while a second girl produced 200,000 cards. Yet each girl received the same basic pay.

"How can you stimulate better work when the good worker and the poor worker get the same salary?" the official asked.

Some enterprising officials, closing their eyes to regulations, manage to meet the problem. A research agency, for instance, admitted to the subcommittee that it deliberately misinterprets civil service regulations in order to grade key scientific personnel high enough for them to get adequate pay.

The Government has a different over-all pay policy for white-collar and blue-collar workers. Prevailing local

rates of pay are in force for the men who work in overalls and coveralls; but anything goes for clerical employees. The subcommittee found that in a Virginia locality, where the going rate for stenographers was \$42 a week, the Government was paying \$60. Failure to pay local rates has proved costly in low wage areas and has increased recruitment difficulties in high wage areas.

For lack of other means of rewarding them, best workers are sometimes promoted to supervisory jobs—for which they are not suited. The fact is, the subcommittee found, there is little training of supervisors. The Government appoints them mostly on an off-the-cuff basis, with seniority usually turning out to be the biggest element in the selection. At the Federal Communications Commission, investigators discov-

ered, supervisors are chosen on the basis of the candidate's general reputation and how well he is known to the commissioners.

"The average government worker," a top government administrator said, "doesn't even know the cost of running his own office. So how can he enact economies?"

Congress has made several tries at providing monetary and honorary awards as incentive to employees for suggestions and actions leading to economies or improved efficiency in operations. But neither the Civil Service Commission nor the Budget Bureau has ever vigorously pushed through with the program, the subcommittee found.

Yet, past experience in industry and Government alike show that an incentive awards program is capable of producing impressive savings. In the Navy Department alone, \$93,000,000 in estimated first year savings resulted from the adoption of employee suggestions between 1944 and 1950. Each Navy dollar paid out as an award in 1950 saved \$23.

LITTLE effort is made to encourage workers to contribute money-saving ideas. Government employees' participation in the federal suggestion programs is only one ninth of the rate by workers in private industry.

The Senate Manpower Subcommittee found another lush source of waste in the Government's utilization of manpower. It was learned that approximately 35 per cent of the nonmilitary jobs in the armed services are being held down by uniformed "chair corps commandos." A survey of 400 specific positions in 23 military installations led to the conclusion that replacement of the military personnel with qualified civilians in the nonmilitary jobs would bring about an annual saving of \$238,000—or an estimated \$100,000,000 saving across the country.

In its inquiry, the subcommittee brought to light that 87 commissioned officers were attending civilian law school. At the same time, more than 2,200 officers, who already had law degrees, but were on active duty, were not being used for legal work.

The Navy admitted it cost \$15,000 a year to send each officer to law school. Thus, this item, for all the services, runs into nearly \$4,000,000 for a three-year law school course. As a result of the subcommittee revelations Congress has already taken steps to halt such business.

The subcommittee also looked into a little recognized field of government activity—contract labor. The congressional unit estimated that there are twice as many em-

ployes on government contractor payrolls as on Uncle Sam's own payroll.

Some of these contractors, investigators found, were called in by government agencies to do work the agencies themselves ought to be doing. Contracts were let in order to escape limitations of Civil Service, or budgetary limitations on salaries. Cases were uncovered in which scientists and technicians working directly for the Government quit their agencies to take higher-salaried jobs with firms working on government-financed projects. This simply cost the taxpayers more money.

The comprehensive study led the subcommittee to conclude that the chief trouble with our federal manpower practices is the lack of over-all policy and control. There's little or no management and planning.

When the National Production Authority had to be set up to handle materials controls during the mobilization emergency, the officials designated to set up the agency were first told to plan on 12,000 employees; then 10,000; then 8,000; and finally, 6,000.

"Before we had fairly gotten started staffing the new organization," one of the agency founders said, "we had to start planning a reduction in force."

Neither the Civil Service Commission nor the Bureau of the Budget has command of the personnel situation. The authority is split, and sometimes overlapping. Sometimes the two agencies don't even see eye to eye. Thus, Congress was confounded to discover that the Civil Service Commission supported and the Budget opposed the Whitten amendment.

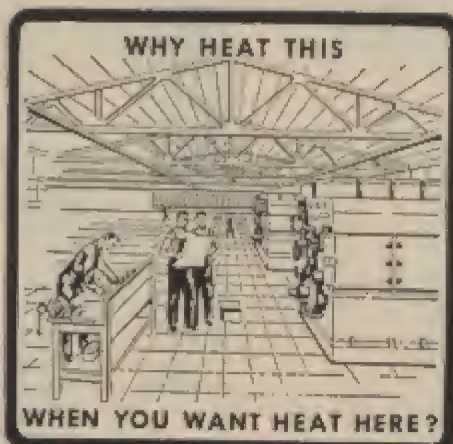
THE Whitten amendment was rushed through Congress to restrain the expansion of Uncle Sam's "permanent" working force, and to slow down the rate of promotions during the Government's rush to mobilize immediately after fighting broke out in Korea. The amendment was a sincere effort by Congress to keep the Government from mushrooming out of hand, but the law, the subcommittee found, only aggravated the complicated personnel problems.

The subcommittee made a long series of recommendations.

"The vast majority of government employees are reliable, conscientious, and hard-working people who want to do a good job," the group concluded.

"If we can rid the federal structure of red tape and antiquated practices, government workers will be able to make their finest contribution to the public service."

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HOLAN PATERSON—BLACK STAR

People Made His Hobby Pay

By VICTOR BOESEN

THE extensive legions of the land who dream of one day mounting their hobbies and riding them off to a fuller life will hearken with rising hope to the story of Paul Heinley of Southern California. Mr. Heinley did it.

A native Kansan who has lived in California since he was five, Mr. Heinley is a slight, gray-blond fellow of 48 given to dead-pan humor and wisecracks. For 18 years he was an obscure sound engineer at the Twentieth Century-Fox movie studios. To keep from stripping his gears, he did things with wood in the garage at his home in Santa Monica; for years the family car stood outside. Then one day he quit his job to give full time to his wood-working hobby.

"I was beginning to cut out paper dolls," he recalls wryly. "I wasn't going to buy new shoes because I didn't think I'd need them."

Today, six years later, Mr. Heinley is unchallenged in the field of manufacturing movable interior shutters. He grosses upward of \$1,000,000 a year. Of more than 100 employees, eight are needed on the mail, which includes letters of inquiry from Alaska to Brazil, and from the Philippines to India and the Belgian Congo. The postage bill runs more than \$1,500 a month.

The basic fact behind this amiable

Paul Heinley found relief from his daily job by working with wood in his garage. Then he discovered that fun could also be profitable

outgrowth of the thing he used to do for fun is that until Mr. Heinley came along nobody seemed to be making shutters.

This oversight came to light for Mr. Heinley when he and his wife, the former Marcella Rey, onetime practitioner and teacher of the ballet, thought it would be nice to have shutters at the big bay window of their living room.

They discovered that it wasn't easy to acquire what they thought was a simple thing.

Mr. Heinley determined to make the shutters himself, despite grim warnings of friends that he was asking for trouble. While shutters were something new for him to try, his experience included about everything else in wood around the house. His specialty was reproducing antique furniture.

Mrs. Heinley was the envy of her friends because, when she wanted a new piece of furniture, she had only to ask her husband to make it. When her grandfather bequeathed her an

1813 grandfather's clock, but left to her sister a spinning wheel she also wanted, Mr. Heinley reproduced the wheel so that in effect his wife inherited both items.

The need for new pieces arose quite often, for Marcella would sell them to admiring visitors as fast as her husband made them.

Before starting on the shutters Mr. Heinley checked to see what guidance he might find in written sources. Beyond indicating that shutters were traditionally regarded as a rather fancy item, there wasn't much. On how to make them there was not a word.

By the time Mr. Heinley had finished his first set, he and his wife had sold the house and moved into an abandoned real estate office, and there launched "Paul Heinley's Farm House Reproductions." They lived upstairs and used the ground floor as shop and store. The enterprise took in picture framing, wiring lamps, refinishing antiques, reproducing them, repairing things. "The

fancy fixit business," Mr. Heinley calls it.

The shutters he had made were proudly mounted on a window. When Marie Morris, an interior decorator friend, saw them there, she was so enthusiastic that she threw a party for the local members of the American Institute of Decorators, with Mr. Heinley the guest of honor. "Here's a man who can make shutters," she announced at the proper juncture. Then she unveiled his handiwork.

The decorators wanted more shutters.

It was soon so crowded that the Heinleys were forced to occupy a shack at the back of the property. The building in the front was left to business.

At the front shop activities presently were pushed out, too, making the place purely a store. For a new factory, Mr. Heinley bought a small frame house in Santa Monica. The main shop area was the former kitchen, a low-ceilinged eight-by-ten-foot room in the back. When a piece, like a Welsh dresser, grew too tall for the ceiling Mr. Heinley and his man—he had now hired his first employe—shoved it through the door into the adjoining living room, where the ceiling was higher. Finishing was done in the front room, or out in the open.

The operation at this stage hardly forecast what was to come. The lumber yard couldn't be bothered to deliver Mr. Heinley's purchases, they were so small.

But things soon picked up. A week-end ad in a Los Angeles newspaper brought 300 phone calls. A

picture in a Detroit newspaper of a room with shutters swamped the newspaper's switchboard with calls from people asking where they could get the shutters.

Mr. Heinley settled down to the single purpose of supplying them, dropping his other work. He sold the store to raise funds for materials, and when he thought he was ready he put an ad in a magazine.

Shortly there was hardly room to work for the tide of mail from citizens asking further particulars. A 40-by-40-foot steel building was erected hastily on the front yard. The 1,600 more square feet this provided was soon filled, and the building next door was taken over. This space, too, proved inadequate. A 10,000-square-foot building up the street became part of the plant. Today the enterprise is spread through the entire block, on both sides of the street.

Mr. Heinley is convinced that the main reason things have moved so fast is that he has made shutters easily available to prospective buyers. People can buy their shutters by mail, and do the installing themselves. "We send them very detailed measuring instructions," he points out. "These make it easy to plan any installation, no matter how complicated."

Shutters are available in dismantled form for those who want them that way. The customer gets all the pieces in a kit, along with instructions, and he finishes, assembles, and puts them up himself.

Those of little faith in using their hands, if they live within a couple hundred miles of Santa Monica, can

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ROBERT C. CLELAND



always call on one of five mobile installation units which come right to the door. Otherwise, there is usually a Heinley distributor not far away.

These distributors are called design engineers who take orders. There is no sales organization. Only twice has a doorbell been rung and shutters sold, but neither time was the bell rung for that purpose. It was Mr. Heinley himself, in the beginning days, and he rang to ask the whereabouts of a certain green-stained house the owner of which was supposedly in the market. Each of the two householders, seeing the sample shutter panel under Mr. Heinley's arm, inquired if he had ever heard of a Paul Heinley who makes shutters.

"I'm Heinley," he replied. Then they hauled him in and bought shutters. The man in the green-stained house didn't want any.

The men who represent the firm are spotted throughout the country.

There are some 20 letters a day from others who want jobs, but the firm's requirements are rigid. "They have to like and respect people," Mr. Heinley says, "and be understanding and sympathetic of their eccentricities."

He recalled the dowager in a "Taj Mahal" who, when he himself made the rounds, wanted shutters in the archway between living room and dining room. She stressed that they must be exactly 30 inches high. Mr.

Heinley, who keeps a broad assortment of sizes made up, found a set that measured 31-3/8 inches. No, these wouldn't do; madam's dog could clear precisely 30 inches.

Also, it was essential that the shutters not infringe on the portal's five-foot width, else there was danger of insufficient clearance on each side as the butler convoyed guests through to the dining room. When Mr. Heinley regretfully explained that it would be necessary to sacrifice seven inches, she thought a moment. Then she had a servant simulate a fill-in of the seven inches, hooked an arm in Mr. Heinley's and together they marched back and forth through the opening to try it out. There were a dozen of these test runs before it was finally decided that the seven-inch choke on the bore would leave it big enough for all contingencies.

"My distributors see people by appointment only," Mr. Heinley went on, "and they are as much a guest as if they were there for cocktails. They dress neatly, and they don't come in with overshoes on, or with a cigaret dangling in the mouth. If they want to smoke they ask permission. The same goes for installation men. They carry a clean drop cloth to put things on, and if they have to move the furniture they see that it goes back where it was."

Often the householder entrusts Heinley men with the key to get in. The only time this didn't work, it

was Mr. Heinley and not the householder who suffered. One of the installation men, having let himself in, phoned the office that the shutters didn't fit. "Somebody's made a botch," he said.

It developed only that he was in the wrong room; in the right room the shutters fitted fine. But the householder refused to pay, because there had been a botch. He had the workman's own word for it, caught on a "bug" he had hidden around the place to pick up what was said. It took some persuasion to make him see it the firm's way.

While it may have been the simplicity Mr. Heinley put into the procurement of shutters that got him off the ground, the pains he takes with making them must be helping to keep him airborne. He will tell you that in the beginning he made them good because he himself went out to face the customer, "and I couldn't stand the embarrassment of having my own handiwork not fit."

Actually, apart from being naturally a fastidious craftsman, he knew that anything less than perfection would be poor business.

Take joining them, one of the most critical details bearing on the life of the shutter. One way is to use a dowel—that is, a wooden pin fitting into a hole in the end of each of the two abutting sections. Another is the "blind" or semi-mortise and tenon. This is the same idea as the joining

Personalized Percolatin'

ROBERT ARROL of Arcola, Ill., a druggist, used to hear old-timers talk wistfully about the days when barbershops kept individual shaving mugs for customers. Such sentiment, he thought, would not be amiss in a modern institution such as his own. Following through, he began inscribing the names of customers on coffee cups, each being reserved exclusively for the individual whose name it bears.

At first, only a few of the faithful customers who made a fetish of the regularity of their coffee consumption were so honored. Gradually the named cup began to encompass more

and more of the drugstore's patrons.

Today, three years later, there are 162 of these cups kept in a rack behind the soda fountain. The demand for them keeps growing.

A customer has to consume five gallons of coffee, or 100 cups, before he is eligible for his own cup. But there's a waiting list now, and the chances are that the cup won't be immediately forthcoming. The rack is full.

Now the teen-agers have started badgering the druggist to start a similar arrangement with soda fountain glasses.

—HAROLD HELFER



of the handle and the hammer but with the handle not coming clear through.

These two methods make a neat joint, but they are prone to relax under the action of the weather.

Mr. Heinley's shutters are joined by a system not used in 50 years, he says; this is the double full mortise and tenon. This is not one but two handles in the hammer, coming all the way through and secured by wedges driven into the end. This allows for expansion and contraction without weakening the joint.

Tolerances are held to as close as three one-thousandths of an inch, unheard of in woodwork. To get such precision, Mr. Heinley employs metalsmiths in the key spots. You see such typical machine shop tools around as calipers and micrometers.

Most of the tools are original designs, or hybrids evolved from established forms. To see to this requirement, Mr. Heinley imported an Austrian precision instrument designer, Max Samuely, who gives his full time to designing tools. Typical is a stapling machine, which crumps the staples into the wood without deviating more than one five-thousandths of an inch.

The wood used is white or sugar pine. This arrives with five per cent moisture content. Mr. Heinley stores it until it has taken on another six per cent from the damp ocean air of Santa Monica. Then he traps the moisture by dipping the wood in a sealer and giving it several coats of lacquer.

He claims that to date there has been not one complaint of warping or sagging.

A little personal touch he has lately added is a metal plate on the shutters inscribed with the name of the owner and saying they were made expressly for him by Paul Heinley. This will please those who feel a special attachment for these fixtures, of whom there are many. Mr. Heinley tells of a foreign trader who travels a great deal, and takes his shutters with him, installing them wherever he settles down for a few months.

To most people shutters are a major matter, and not many are as casual about it as the matron who cheerfully paid \$700 for a shutter job without being primarily interested in the shutters themselves; what got her were those "white accents" provided by the little white porcelain knobs on them, copied from specimens 50 years old.

On the other hand, few go the way of the woman who, with the shutters in place, asked about the bill as she rode back and forth in a rocking chair. "Seven hundred dollars," said

Mr. Heinley. His answer came just as she reached the far end of the out-bound lap. She kept going, heels over head into a heap against the wall.

Besides homes, Mr. Heinley's shutters also adorn business and professional buildings, and there are some boats on the roster. Among these are a "shrimp boat," fixed up as a yacht by a Miami businessman who needed a craft with an extra-sturdy prow when he returned from a hard party at sea and the visibility wasn't good.

Another boat job likewise was a little unusual. The order came through Sloane's store in San Francisco, a Heinley outlet in the Bay area which was doing furnishing on the craft. Vaguely referred to as a "boat," and presumably belonging to some private party, it was in the East at the time but was headed for the West Coast. It was therefore decided to have the Heinley representative in the East measure the job there and send the specifications to California, so the shutters could be ready when the boat arrived.

When the measurements came, they were bigger than expected. The boat was the United States Steamship *President Monroe*. Moreover, when the shutters were in place, the effect was so pleasing that it was resolved to redo the entire interior of the ship to match the shutters.

With such acceptance of the new gospel in interior decoration, its prophet is understandably enthusiastic. He likes to talk about shutters.

His wife says he overdoes it sometimes.

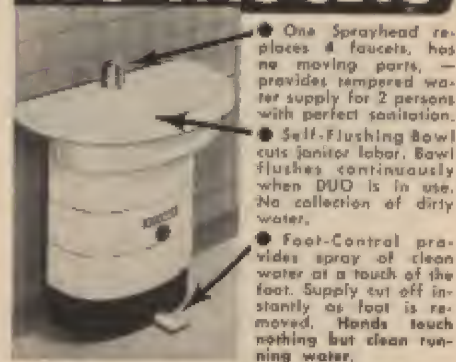
But Mr. Heinley's habit of hitting up conversations with strangers is sometimes rewarding. On an air-plane to Phoenix one day he met a chinchilla salesman who at once became entranced with the idea that chinchilla quarters should have shutters.

With each pair having its own house, and there being thousands of pairs in the Phoenix area alone, providing shutters for them could be no small thing. This is now in imminent prospect.

The whole venture of converting a hobby into a livelihood has been vastly more rewarding than the Heinleys had in mind. Home is a house on the seashore at Malibu. But possibly more accurately symptomatic of the change is that Boris Karloff, who once had Mr. Heinley make him some fireside stools, lately brought them back for the maker's autograph.

Only one thing is missing: He has no hobby. But he doesn't need it. "I am having the time of my life," he says. **END**

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Baseball's Counterspies

(Continued from page 33)
around to third base and Gil Hodges to second on a sacrifice. The clawing series tension mounted as Andy jigged off the bag only 90 feet short of a tying run.

In the third base coaching box Dressen, his intellect humming smoothly, decided to let hitter Joe Black squeeze Pafko home with the big run. Here's how it's supposed to work: The moment the pitcher releases the ball the runner starts down the base path toward home while the hitter attempts to bunt the pitch somewhere—almost anywhere—to keep it out of the catcher's hands for a tagout at the plate.

Blessed with big league imaginations as well as big league arms and legs, Yankee players realized how circumstances suggested a Brooklyn squeeze. Aside from the infield playing in tight, though, there was little they could do—unless someone learned the exact pitch on which the Dodgers planned to squeeze Pafko on home. The count on Black read one ball, one strike.

Dressen nervously went through all the fiddling gestures of a coach, rubbing his hands together, pulling at the bill of his cap, slapping his thigh, kicking the dust around, hitching at his belt. Both Black and Pafko watched closely as he abruptly gave them what he had considered exclusively a Dodger sign. For only a moment he had put one hand to his throat.

Reynold's right arm spun around and let the pitch go. Down the base path, high-tailing it for home, came Pafko. Then abruptly the antique squeeze play blew up in Brooklyn's face.

For Dodger fans the next few split-seconds took on the odd, distorted aspects of a nightmare. Reynolds' one-one pitch was a blazing fast ball aimed low and outside, just beyond the normal strike zone. Black lunged for the ball, trying desperately to get his bat on it before it plunked into Yankee catcher Yogi Berra's big glove. Pafko never had a chance to score.

To sour, let-down players slumped in the Brooklyn dugout, and to a few of the more perceptive spectators in the stands, it was plainly a case of

enemy sabotage. They didn't know exactly how it happened, but the pressure of the game had dimmed what is usually an acute businesslike memory. In passing the sign, Dressen had overlooked only one thing, a player named Martin; Billy, 2B, New York Yankees. Several years before, out at Oakland in the Pacific Coast League, the two had worn the same style monkeysuits, Dressen as team manager, Martin as one of the infielders.

"So when I looked over to the coaching box and saw Charley go to his throat I knew right away," Martin recalls now. "It was the same old squeeze sign he used back in Oakland. I signaled Berra and he

their own bizarre talents to say anything at all except in a vague general way. Asking one of them which rival pitchers, catchers and coaches he reads the best—and how—is something like asking a wise old detective who first tipped him off to the murderer.

Lefty O'Doul, almost a landmark in the coast league and one of the best of the species, goes to some lengths simply so he won't be misunderstood. His own ball players, often awed to a point of inquiry by one of his baffling interceptions, hear a rambling long-winded spiel the text of which seldom varies: "I can't tell you how I do it because these tricks are my stock in trade and it would be like taking tools away from me and besides you might be traded to some other team next year so I won't tell you a thing."

In general, though, sign-stealing comes down to the same old basic entrance requirements necessary in any other branch of cloak-and-dagger work. At the least a prospect must develop keen powers of observation, a swift photographic memory and a flexible catch-all mind. Two and two, if they happen to be the number of fingers a catcher shows his pitcher, sometimes makes a curve ball as well as four.

Sign-stealers are always on the lookout for what may abruptly show through as regular systematic patterns. After studying a rival third-base coach most of the afternoon, mentally cataloguing his mannerisms and any corresponding team strategy, the counterspy suddenly hits on a vital hit-run sign through a laborious process of elimination.

A standard trick of boiling down coaching signs sounds like a witless loudspeaker tuneup. In the shelter of the dugout two players sit side by

side coordinating four eyes in an effort to break the enemy code with a base runner on first. One watches the third base coach and delivers a running commentary while the other focuses on the base runner. Their dialogue, covering every motion the rivals make, runs something like this:

"He's looking away," says the man covering the base runner.

"He's rubbing his shirt," says the one covering the coach.

"He's still looking away."

"He's cupping his hands."

"Now HE'S LOOKING TOWARD THIRD."

"He's hitching his belt."



passed it along to Reynolds. All Allie had to do was waste a pitch outside and that was that."

From the looks of things Martin may some day develop the skills of an authentic virtuoso but that one was strictly a blunder marked off against Dressen. Habitual sign-stealing calls for something more than a fortunate flicker of memory and one season as lodge brothers back in a vagabond past. To many professionals, it amounts to a genuine form of art.

For obvious security reasons the few participants maintain a tight closed-mouth policy when it comes to details. They have spent too many hours, too many seasons sharpening

"He's STILL LOOKING TOWARD THIRD."

"He's wiping his face."

"Now HE'S LOOKING AWAY."

What they obviously try to learn is a sequence of the coach's gestures during the crucial time the base runner looked over toward him presumably for instructions. If in this particular case the runner went down on the next pitch—and less than a half dozen big league swifties are given carte blanche on the base paths—hitching the belt or wiping the face must spell out "steal."

A REALLY good man has two possible opportunities to read pitches from a coaching box. If the catcher doesn't quite hide his signs between his knees behind the glove a spy will take the instructions right along with the pitcher and then pass them along to his batter.

Sometimes a certain grip on the ball or a muscular tightening will show an attentive coach what the pitcher plans to throw next.

But the victims have come up with an answer for that one as long as they occupy the dugout behind third base.

Utility players sitting on the bench often tune up in loud, full voices any time it looks as though the coach might yell instructions down to his batter.

This effective jamming device, drowning out standard "Let's hit one," "Come on now" or "Rally" code expressions, has cost many batters the tips they could exploit for maybe two bases off the left field fence.

Old reliable Tom Henrich, then playing for the Yankees, credits an accurate tip with one of the longest home runs he ever hit—although he didn't bother to split his gift carton of cigars with his collaborator after the game. Monte Stratton was pitching for the White Sox with his usual aplomb until Art Fletcher, a coach, read the catcher's request for a fast ball.

Just before Stratton let it go Fletcher yelled in to Heinrich. Tom pulled his bat around in an awful arc and the ball was last seen somewhere over Yonkers.

Much as managers may worry about intercepted signals collapsing the smooth flow of coordinated strategy during the game, they face another hazard too. The practice of using signs which team members must commit to memory presents constant dangers. The arrangement satisfies everyone except for an occasional Alibi Ike personality who, unable to recollect even his own home number, would probably write an explanatory set of crib notes on

his flannel breeches if he could only write.

"If you do get my signs," one manager told a rival sign-stealer, "then you're a lot better than some of my own players."

For a long time now unpublicized counterspies have been robbing the competition blind. Only rarely do things reach a point where suggestions of the practice drift out of the clubhouse shadows onto the sports pages.

But for all the long hours of locker room espionage conferences, the study of tips and possible enemy codes, the interrogation of an expatriate outfielder bailed off another club and the specialists hired on the basis of rare talents, these fleeting references seem ridiculously sparse.

One of the last occurred in the summer of 1949 in what was otherwise a normal season. In mid-August someone hollered cops to the effect that the Cleveland Indians hid a utility infielder up in the center field scoreboard with a pair of long-range glasses. It was a new twist to an old trick of which many men, including John McGraw, had been accused. The infielder stole signs from an enemy catcher 450 feet away and shouted to a caretaker standing under the scoreboard who relayed them to Indian hitters by crossing or spreading his legs.

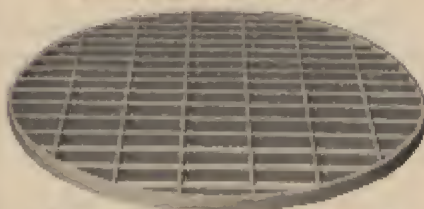
BILL VEECK, a colorful type who keeps one eye on his ball club and the other on his five or six brass bands, fireworks displays, hog callers, glockenspiel artists and miscellaneous vaudeville, was stopping in Cleveland that year as the team president. In loud indignant tones he emphatically denied the whole story.

Maybe so. But Veeck overlooked a reliable source of information. Players who wear Cleveland uniforms seldom wear them forever and are sold or traded to other teams under the free enterprise system which is known as baseball's reserve clause.

The backslid Indians talked, and while they talked in whispers and not for publication by name and number, what they said added up to one thing: Cleveland had used its scoreboard peeping Tom for a long time.

Shocking? Not at all. In one way or another, so has everyone else. And as long as baseball counterspies can steal the enemy signs that account for hits and runs and plug defensive holes at the right times, winning games and pennants, the big leagues will continue listing organized larceny as simply another business expense. **END**

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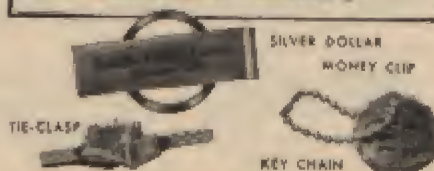
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NATION'S BUSINESS

Washington 6, D. C.

Easy On Your Eyes

(Continued from page 37)

All told, the new face will have cost from \$30,000 to \$50,000 to produce before it sets down a word for public reading. A great many printers will have to want it (at \$300 a size for one set of Linotype mats) to make it pay.

Advertisers want faces that will let them clothe their copy with an unconsciously felt impression of the personality of their firm—conservative dignity, for instance.

10 PT. MONOTYPE PERPETUA

TEXTBOOK PUBLISHERS want faces that have more style than their old ones, but which are made with the matching boldfaces and bold italics they need for range of emphasis.

8 PT. LINOTYPE ELECTRA

Publishers of popular books want faces that, without getting eccentric or noticeable for themselves, let them say their message in a different tone of voice to suit the text.

11 PT. LINOTYPE FAIRFIELD

Newspapers want types that look big in small sizes (seven or eight point for run-of-paper, smaller than that for classified ads) that will stand being printed in soupy ink at speeds of 45,000 copies an hour on blottery newsprint stock without breaking down or filling up.

8 PT. LINOTYPE IONIC NO. 2

Some new faces become popular quickly. Others never do—their makers don't quite know why. One body face that was introduced 20 years ago is just now catching on in a big way, for books, magazines and advertising.

But the designers and makers keep trying, and the printing users keep looking—always for something easier to read—something "invisible."

Magazines want faces that pack lots of words in their columns and still stay easy to read—like this 9 pt. Intertype Century Schoolbook face which is the new dress for NATION'S BUSINESS.

But even the most adaptable faces can lose their readability if improperly used—the space between the lines must be right and the line's length in proportion to type size. One rule of thumb is that reading ease is greatest when the line of type is one and one-half times the alphabet length.

To meet this need the number of designers of typography has grown from near-scratch to thousands in the past 30 years. This profession holds the same relation between buyer and printer that the architect holds between client and builder.

Their responsibility is to make print easy to read, by selecting suitable type styles for process and purpose and by spacing and arranging it so that, in its various sizes, it blends with illustrations to make each page a pleasant entity which invites the reader to read and is easy on his eyes when he does so.

NATION'S BUSINESS believes that its new face provides an even more effective tool to make this possible.



This type, "OXFORD" was formed by the old method of filing out steel punches by hand around 1800, and was cast from original matrixes struck from them, still in the possession of American Type Founders.

Linotype has recently brought out this modern version of it, "MONTICELLO," first used in an edition of Thomas Jefferson's writings.

12 PT. LINOTYPE MONTICELLO

Type set on film by light is produced by Intertype Fotosetter machine. Diagram in background shows how image on negative in matrix is projected in response to keyboard operation. All typefounders have photocomposing machines under development.





nb notebook

New styles in pensions

EMPLOYER and employee contributions to pension and profit-sharing plans are exceeding \$2,000,000,000 a year, according to the Commerce Clearing House which has just completed its new "Pension Plan Guide." It shows that 19,707 "qualified" plans are now operating in this country, with an additional 1,594 cases waiting for rulings.

A "qualified" plan is one which fully complies with the Internal Revenue Bureau's complex regulations. Such qualification gains income tax exemption for the plan and a deduction status for the employers' payments to finance it. Without this approval a pension plan may prove costly taxwise.

Plans of 1,346 employers were qualified in the first three months of this year as compared with 898 in the first quarter of 1952.

From its studies, the Clearing House draws some conclusions about the trends in pension thinking: Pressure for pension rights that a worker can take with him if he changes jobs is increasing; more concern will be shown for the wives of pensioners, who in general live longer than their husbands; insistence for fully funded plans is growing; in a few recently inaugurated plans, benefits will fluctuate with the cost of living—but this feature is still in the experimental stage.

The Clearing House also believes that the funds will have a "strongly stabilizing and probably somewhat inflationary" effect on the stock market.

Bankers visit Paul Bunyan

PREPARED with swim suits, hiking shoes, raincoats and hearty appetites, Wisconsin bankers are taking to the timber this month to see for themselves the part that forests can play in the national economy and how the banks can help them play it.

The excursion is jointly sponsored by the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Wisconsin State Chamber of Commerce and the Wis-

consin Bankers Association, with an assist by the Wisconsin Conservation Department, Trees for Tomorrow, Inc., and the State Forestry Advisory Committee.

Back of the project is the thought that about one half Wisconsin's land area is best suited for forestry. These 16,000,000 acres at present are producing far below the potential output and only a fraction of the wood needed for Wisconsin's wood-using industries.

With a view toward correcting this situation, the Wisconsin Bankers Association has set up a forestry committee and is planning its First Annual Forestry Tour.

The woods-going bankers will visit tree nurseries, man-made forests, view fire-fighting demonstrations, and watch tree planting machines in operation.

The pilgrimage, which begins with registration Aug. 2 and concludes Aug. 5, holds so much promise for a better understanding between forestry and finance that similar tours in other states are expected to follow.

Toward a balanced budget

THE Cleveland Chamber of Commerce recently sent to Treasury Secretary Humphrey, members of the House and Senate appropriation committees and the Ohio congressional delegation, its own recommendation for a step toward balancing the federal budget.

The suggestion: Sell the federal Government's assets in business corporations and agencies.

The Chamber's plan is explained in a 12-page report prepared after weeks of study by a 25-member committee of which W. W. Hancock, vice president in charge of finance of the Republic Steel Corporation, was chairman.

The federal Government, the report says, "owns more than two dozen synthetic rubber factories, aluminum plants, several fertilizer plants, sugar factories, a helium gas factory, a synthetic gasoline plant, dozens of money-lending agencies, many steam and hydroelectric gen-

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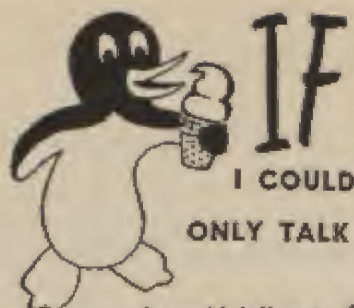
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- 4 Don't get chilled

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erating plants, hemp plantations, housing projects, two railroads and many storage warehouses.

"Their combined assets total \$30,000,000,000."

The Chamber suggests that "the major volume of sale and liquidation could be accomplished under a well planned and orderly program within a six- or seven-year period. Proceeds over the amounts needed to help balance the budget should be applied to reducing the national debt. It is estimated that this would ultimately reduce the carrying charges on the public debt by \$500,000,000 annually."

Sale, the Cleveland Chamber recommends, should be by competitive bidding.

Economy and efficiency

CAUGHT between a constant demand for new municipal services and for lower municipal taxes, several cities are finding the answer in improved administrative procedures.

Among them is Two Rivers, Wis., where combining parks, cemeteries, sewerage, garage, engineering and inspection services together in a new public works department has eliminated several positions, ended the need for three major pieces of machinery and saved the city some \$10,000 a year.

Aiming toward the same goal, Phoenix, Ariz., has created a division of research and budget which will direct administrative research studies, including budget analysis on a year-round basis.

St. Cloud, Minn., has adopted centralized purchasing, modern personnel rules and installed a new accounting system while Erie, Pa., has created an authority to take over operation of the disposal plant and all sanitary sewers.

Migrant workers welcomed

SOME 12,000 West Indians, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and Negroes arrive in Wisconsin each year to tend, harvest and process certain farm and orchard crops—an influx which gives the state what is known in various places as a "migrant workers problem."

But the Wisconsin Canners Association has dealt with this problem in a way that Mrs. Rebecca Barton, director of the Governor's Commission on Human Rights, describes as "impressive."

After a recent survey Mrs. Barton reported: "The majority of canners in this state recognize their responsibilities to the migrant workers and are doing their best to provide properly for these employees at their work

camps. Others are improving their facilities and want to know what more can be done to make living conditions better."

Among her findings, Mrs. Barton reported: Of the 33 camps housing family groups, 14 had children's playgrounds, nine had playground equipment; 38 camps provided baseball fields, 29 had recreation rooms with facilities including television, radio, phonograph, piano, games and reading material.

Churches provided recreation for workers at 33 camps, volunteer groups helped in 14. In several areas local government units made available swimming pools, ball parks and playground equipment.

Sixty-seven canners reported that their workers were invited to local churches, services were held at 20 camps, 23 companies provided transportation to and from distant churches.

Forty-one canners had arrangements with local doctors to guarantee payment for services to workers and their families, ten camps provided company nurses and 28 offered free chest X-rays.

House organ heard round the world

THE "B" Line, Burroughs Corporation's company newspaper, provides the newest demonstration of the virility of corporate journalism. It has just come up with an International Air Edition which will keep Burroughs people in some 70 countries informed about what goes on at the home plant.

The new paper, a four-page tabloid, printed on 11-pound Bible paper, weighs slightly less than one-fourth ounce per copy.

It will reach some South American readers 24 hours after it is mailed in Detroit. London, Paris and Frankfurt readers will receive it in six days, those in Australia, New Zealand and India in about a week.

Business opportunities

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, is looking for an aluminum smelter, sulphur refinery, furniture factory and a wholesale dry goods house. It would also like to get in touch with somebody interested in washing windows, waxing floors, doing yard and garden service, or raising guinea pigs commercially.

These are only a few of the more than 100 business and agricultural possibilities revealed in a study which Brownsville's Board of City Development has been conducting with the idea of guiding the city's growth in a healthy direction.

The Board accepted for placement

on the opportunity list only suggestions backed by solid business reasons—good local demand for the product or service, proximity to materials or special equipment and low labor and operating costs.

At present, for instance, the area has no wholesale dry goods house which can fill small orders at once from stock. Such orders must be sent to distant wholesale centers.

Brownsville is a town of about 50,000, on the Rio Grande directly opposite Matamoros, Mexico, of equal size. The Board of City Development will send detailed information on local opportunities to interested parties and assist in making contacts for locations.

Library curb-service

A CURB-SERVICE for bibliophiles is helping to solve the parking problem in several cities, according to the American Municipal Association.

Among the cities now making it possible for him who rides to read are Dearborn, Mich., Detroit, Oklahoma City, San Antonio, Akron and Newark. In each of these cities, the library has established drive-in facilities so that borrowers may return books without leaving their cars.

The Newark arrangement is a metal box at the curb outside the library. The motorist merely stops his car, pulls a lever that opens a chute and drops in his book. Each morning a library attendant opens the box and carries the returned volumes to the return desk. Librarians report that the bookkeeping is simple and that there are fewer overdue books.

Union leaders at Harvard

A \$25,000 grant from the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education has made it possible for additional unions to participate in the Trade Union Program at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The money will establish fellowships particularly helpful for smaller unions not in a position to carry the full costs of participation. They will cover one third to one half the costs of participation of approximately four union members at each of the 13-week sessions which are held twice a year.

The Trade Union Program is designed to provide training for executive responsibility and to help union officers play more useful and important roles in the labor movement and as citizens. The course deals with actual policy questions and decisions which the union leader faces in the discharge of his responsibilities.



Pete Progress and the one-man band

Pete Progress could hardly believe his eyes—or his ears.

"That's the fanciest contraption I ever saw," said Pete to the one-man band.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," said the O.M.B. "I'm nuts about parades and big bands with lots of glockenspiels. But I've got a better band on my old fedora than this town's got. So I make my own music."

"You're complaining to the wrong party," said Pete. "You'd better go see the chamber of commerce fellows."

"How come?" asked the O.M.B. "They musicians?"

"Nope," said Pete, "but they've sure got close harmony. The chamber's com-

posed of public-spirited citizens who work hard to make this town a better place to live in. They believe that it's a lot more rewarding to *give* rather than to *take*. That's how come we get new industry, improved schools, better police and fire protection, good looking parks—and if you join up and help out, it will probably get to work on a bigger and better band."

"Maybe one with twenty glockenspiels?" asked the O.M.B.

"Depends on how fast you get down there and join up," said Pete.

"Ta ra ra boom de ay," sang the O.M.B. "Now we're going to have us some *real* chamber music!"

Your chamber of commerce is working for you. Why don't you help them?



Ideas: our greatest assets

A PHENOMENON which never fails to impress observant visitors is the American businessman's willingness to scrap old but serviceable machinery as soon as he can replace it with something more efficient. To this national characteristic we owe the productivity records that result in more and better things at lower prices. Businesses which neglect or refuse to observe this practice cannot long endure.

Good tools are the mark of America and good workmen use those which are inferior or obsolete unwillingly.

The visitor who is not too awed by our display of plant and equipment will observe also that our productive inventory is not measured by our investment in plant and equipment alone. Our finest tools are not machines at all.

They are ideas and methods; impossible to tally on a balance sheet but priceless, nonetheless. If they are allowed to become inferior or obsolete, our whole mechanical system—though it grind ever so efficiently—can't bring happiness.

Tools of this sort cannot be designed on draw-

ing boards. They are built over the years by the experience, the wisdom, sometimes the failures, of men.

They make up the whole working kit of many devoted Americans—clergymen, educators, statesmen, Chamber of Commerce executives.

For the Chamber workers the newest models of these tools will be on display in Oklahoma City for three days beginning Sept. 20, when the American Chamber of Commerce Executives hold their annual meeting. There some 500 local Chamber of Commerce managers will gather to examine the latest model ideas for community service.

It will be a pick-and-shovel kind of meeting because the members have insisted on, and the program committee is arranging, a program which skips the ethereal ideas used to build plans and policy to concentrate on methods and techniques for making plans come true.

Realistic Chamber people have learned that "paper plans don't amount to much" until somebody hammers them into reality—and the hammers that molded last year's plans into completed projects won't necessarily work on problems of private vs. public parking, integration of suburban areas, workable systems of annexation or any of the half dozen other issues that are active today and completely unknown only a few years ago.

The theme of the meeting, "Getting the Everyday Job Done at Home," is about as romantic as gravy on your vest, but it stresses the spirit in which these men come together—a spirit which will be demonstrated at the first session of the meeting.

Stanley Draper, managing director of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, has withdrawn from the keynote address spot which would normally be his as president of A.C.C.E.

In his place, he has nominated as keynoter Glenn W. Faris, executive secretary of the Oklahoma City Chamber, a man with 30 years' experience in the kind of line operations to which this meeting is dedicated.

The local Chamber which sees its manager off for Oklahoma City will be making an investment in plant modernization which should help its city hold its place in our national scheme.

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think, that our National Machines handle this increased volume so efficiently—and with such ease of operation—that no additional equipment or personnel is required."

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